

A SIXTEENTH CENTURY
ANTHOLOGY



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

From the bust at Stratford-on Avon

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CENTURY
ANTHOLOGY

EDITED

BY

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The great period of English poetry begins half-way through the sixteenth century, and lasts half-way into the seventeenth. In the poetry strictly of the sixteenth century, before the drama had absorbed poetry into the substance of its many energies, verse is used as speech, and becomes song by way of speech. It was the age of youth, and rejoiced, as youth does, in scarcely tried strength and in the choice of adventure. And it was an adventure to write. Soldiers and voyagers, Sidney, Raleigh, led the way us on horses and in ships. It is Raleigh, in the preface to a deeply meditated "History of the World", who speaks gallantly of "leisure to have made myself a fool in print". New worlds had been found beyond the sea and were to be had for the finding in all the regions of the mind. There were buried worlds of the mind which had lately been dug up, lands had been newly colonised, in Italy and in France: a kind of second nature, it seemed to men in those days, which might be used not less freely than nature itself. And, just as the Renaissance in Italy was a new discovery of the mind, through a return to what had been

found out in antiquity and buried during the Middle Ages, so, in England, poetry came to a consciousness of itself by way of what had already been discovered by poets like Petrarch and Ronsard, and even their later apes and mimics, Serafino or Desportes, among those spoils. Poetry had to be re-awakened, and these were the messengers of dawn. Once awakened, the English tongue could but sing, for a while, to borrowed tunes, yet it sang with its own voice, and the personal accent brought a new quality into the song. Song-writers and sonnet-writers, when they happened to be poets, found out themselves by the way, and not least when they thought they were doing honour to a foreign ideal.

And it was an age of music. Music, too, had come from Italy, and had found for once a home here. Music, singing, and dancing made then, and then only, the "merry England" of the phrase. And the words, growing out of the same soil as the tunes, took equal root. Campion sums up for us a whole period, and the song-books have preserved for us names, but for them unknown, of perfect craftsmen in the two arts. Every man, by the mere feeling and fashion of the time, took care

"to write

Worthy the reading and the world's delight'

It was an age of personal utterance; and men spoke frankly, without restraint, too nice choosing, or any of the timidities or exaggerations of self-consciousness. The personal utterance might take any form; whether Fulke Greville wrote "treatises" on the mind of man, or Drayton peered into the family affairs of the fairies, or Samuel Daniel thought out sonnets to Delia, or Lodge wandered in cadences and caprices of the senses. It might seem but to pass on an alien message, in as literal a translation as it could compass of a French or Italian poem. In the hand of a poet two things came into the version, magic, and the personal utterance, if in no other way, through the medium of style.

Style, to the poets of the sixteenth century, was much of what went to the making of that broad simplicity, that magnificently obvious eloquence, which seems to us now to have the universal quality of the greatest poetry. The poets of the nineteenth century are no nearer to nature, though they seem more individual because they have made an art of extracting rare emotions and because they take themselves to pieces more cunningly. Drayton's great sonnet is the epilogue, and Spenser's great poem the epithalamium, for all lovers, but it needs another Shelley to find out love in the labyrinth of "Epipsychidion." All

that is greatest in the poetry of the sixteenth century is open to all the world, like a wood, or Arcadia, in which no road is fenced with prohibitions, and the flowers are all for the picking.

And when, in the nineteenth century, poetry began again, it was to the poets of the sixteenth century that the new poets looked back, finding the pattern there for what they were making over again for themselves. A few snatches from Elizabethan song-books were enough to direct the first awakenings of song in Blake, Wordsworth found his gnomic and rational style, as of a lofty prose, in Samuel Daniel, Keats rifled the best sweets of Lodge's orchard, and Shelley found in the elegies of Michael Drayton the model of his incomparable style of familiar speech in verse, the style of the "Letter to Maria Gisborne". Every reader of modern verse will find something contemporary in even the oldest of the poems which follow, partly because modern verse is directly founded on this verse of the sixteenth century, and partly because the greatest poetry is contemporary with all the ages.

ARTHUR SYMONS

	Page
NICHOLAS BACON (1545?-1626?)—	
Phyllida and Corydon	185
Come, Little Babe	187
The Third Pastor's Song	189
THOMAS LODGE (1558?-1625)—	
Rosalind's Madrigal	193
Montanus' Sonnet	195
Turn I my Looks	197
The Earth, late Choked with Showers	198
The Hamadryad's Song	200
Love Guard the Roses of thy Lips	202
Rosaline	203
GEORGE PEELE (1558?-1597?)—	
Fair and Fair	205
A Farewell to Arms	207
CINDLOCK TICHBORNE (1558?-1586)—	
Verses Written in the Tower the Night before he was Beheaded	209
ROBERT GREENE (1560?-1593?)—	
Sephestia's Cradle Song	211
Samela	213
Doron and Carmela	215
The Shepherd's Wife's Song	219
The Palmer's Ode	222
Content	224
FRANCIS BACON, LORD VERULAM (1561- 1626?)—	
The World	225
ROBERT SOUTHWELL (1561?-1595?)—	
The Burning Babe	227
A Child my Choice	229

CONTENTS

	Page
HENRY CONSTABLE (1562-1613)—	
Damelus Song of his Diaphenia	231
The Shepherd's Song of Venus and Adonis	233
SAMUEL DANIEL (1562-1619)—	
First Chorus from Hymen's Triumph	239
Second Chorus from Hymen's Triumph	240
Beauty's Date	241
Sleep	242
Epistle to the Lady Margaret, Countess of Cumberland	243
MICHAEL DRAYTON (1563-1631)—	
Ballad of Agincourt	251
To the Virginian Voyage	256
To Cupid	259
To his Coy Love	262
To his Rival	264
Florimel's Ditty	267
Daffodil	270
The Ballad of Dowsabel	273
The Fay's Marriage	278
Nymphidia	290
Ideas	317
Sonnet 6	317
Sonnet 8	318
Sonnet 10	319
Sonnet 11	320
Sonnet 20	321
Sonnet 34	322
Sonnet 37	323
Sonnet 43	324
Sonnet 44	325
Sonnet 47	326

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Sonnets 49	327
Sonnets 54	328
Sonnets 50	329
Sonnets 51	330
CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (1564-1593) —	
The Passionate Shepherd to his Love	331
A Fragment	333
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616) —	
Come into these Yellow Sands	335
Full Fathom Five	336
Where the Bee Sucks	337
Who is Sylvia?	338
Take, O, Take those Lips Away	339
Sigh no More, Ladies	340
On a Day	341
When Daisies Pied and Violets Blue	342
Winter	343
Over Hill, over Dale	344
You Spotted Snakes	345
The Ousel Cock	346
Now the Hungry Lion Roars	347
Tell me Where is Fancy Bred	348
Under the Greenwood Tree	349
Blow, Blow, thou Winter Wind	350
It Was a Lover and His Lass	352
O Mistress Mine	354
Come Awey, Come Away, Death	355
When that I was and a Little Tiny Boy	356
When Da Todils Begm to Peer	358
Jog on, jog on	359
Lawn as White as Driven Snow	360
Why, let the Stricken Deer go Weep	361
How should I, our True Love know	362

CONTENTS

	Page
And Will He Not Come Again?	363
Come, thou Monarch of the Vine	364
Hark, Hark! the Lark	365
Fear no More the Heat o' the Sun	366
The Phoenix and the Turtle	368
Sonnet XXIX	371
Sonnet XXX	372
Sonnet LVII	373
Sonnet LX	374
Sonnet LXIV	375
Sonnet LXV	376
Sonnet LXVI	377
Sonnet LXXI	378
Sonnet LXXIII	379
Sonnet XCIV	380
Sonnet XCVII	381
Sonnet XCVIII	382
Sonnet CII	383
Sonnet CIV	384
Sonnet CVI	385
Sonnet CX	386
Sonnet CXI	387
Sonnet CXVI	388
Sonnet CXXIX	389
Sonnet CXLIII	390
Sonnet CXLVI	391

THOMAS CAMPION (d 1619)—

Follow your Saint, follow with Accents Sweet!	393
Hark, all you Ladies that do Sleep!	395
When Thou must Home to Shades of Underground	397
Whether Men do Laugh or Weep	398
Where are all Thy Beauties now?	399



CONTENTS

What then is Love but Mourning?	401
Turn all thy Thoughts to Eyes	402
Love Me or not, Love Her I Must or Die	403
Awake, thou Spring of Speaking Grace	404
There is None, O None but You	406
Follow thy Fair Sun, Unhappy Shadow	407
Though your Strangeness Frets my Heart	409
Now let her Change and Spare not	411
Kind are her Answers	412
"Mards are Simple" some men Say	413
Come, O come, my Life's Delight	414
Give Beauty all her Right	415
Rose-checked Laura, Come	416
Thrice toss these Oaken Ashes in the Air	417
Shall I Come, Sweet Love, to Thee	418
Thus I Resolve, and Time hath Taught me So	419
Never Love unless you Can	420
So Quick, so Hot, so Mad is thy Fond Suit	421
Silly Boy, tis Full Moon Yet	423
If thou Long st so much to Learn	425
Break now, my Heart, and Die	427
Why Presumes thy Pride on That	428
Blame not my Cheeks	430
If I Hope, I Pine; if I Fear, I Faint and Die	431
The Man of Life Upright	432
Awake, Awake, thou Heavy Sprite	434
Come, Cheerful Day, Part of my Life to Me	435

CONTENTS

	Page
How Easily Wert Thou Chained -	436
Harden now thy Tired Heart -	438
Jack and Joan, they Think no Ill -	439
The Peaceful Western Wind -	441
What is a Day, What is a Year? -	443
Think'st thou to Seduce me then with Words that have no Meaning? -	444
Dear, if I with Guile would Gild a True Intent - - - - -	446
Her Fair Inflaming Eyes - - -	448
My Sweetest Lesbia, let us Live and Love - - - - -	450
Now Winter Nights Enlarge - -	452
THOMAS NASHE (1567-1601)—	
Spring - - - - -	453
A Lament in Time of Plague -	454
SIR HENRY WOTTON (1568-1639)—	
A Woman's Heart - - - - -	457
The Happy Life - - - - -	459
A Description of the Spring -	461
On His Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia	462
BARNABE BARNES (1569?-1609)—	
Content - - - - -	463
NOTES - - - - -	on 165 of 178 1 / 111 1

Anonymous Songs

Hey Nonny no!  

Hey nonny no!
Men are fools that wish to die!
Is't not fine to dance and sing
When the bells of death do ring?
Is't not fine to swim in wine,
And turn upon the toe
And sing hey nonny no,
When the winds blow and the seas flow?
Hey nonny no!

My Love in
her Attire



My Love in her attire doth show her wit,
It doth so well become her,
For every season she hath dressings fit,
For Winter, Spring, and Summer
No beauty she doth miss
When all her robes are on
But Beauty's self she is
When all her robes are gone

Weep you no
more, sad
Fountains



Weep you no more, sad fountains,
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste!
But my sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping

Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets,
Doth not the sun rise smiling
When fair at even he sets?
Rest you then, rest, sad eyes!
Melt not in weeping,
While she lies sleeping,
Softly, now softly lies
• Sleeping

Phyllida's
Love-call



Phyllida Corydon, arise, my Corydon,
Titan shineth clear

Corydon Who is it that calleth Corydon,
Who is it that I hear?

Phyllida Phyllida, thy true love, calleth
thee,
Arise then, arise then,
Arise and keep thy flock
with me

Corydon Phyllida, my true love, is it she?
I come then, I come then,
I come and keep my flock
with thee

Phyllida Here are cherries ripe for my
Corydon,
Eat them for my sake

Corydon Here's my oaten pipe, my lovely
one,
Sport for thee to make

Phyllida Here are threads, my true love,
fine as silk,

PHYLLID I'S LOVE-CALL

To knit thee, to knit thee,
A pair of stockings white
As milk

Corydon Here are reeds, my true love,
Fine and neat,
To make thee, to make thee,
A bonnet to withstand the
heat

Phyllida I will gather flowers, my Cory-
don,

To set in thy cap

Corydon I will gather pears, my lovely
one,

To put in thy lap

Phyllida I will buy my true love garters
gay,

For Sundays, for Sundays,

To wear about his legs so
tall

Corydon I will buy my true love yellow
say,

For Sundays, for Sundays,

To wear about her middle
small

•
Phyllida When my Corydon sits on a hill
Making melody—

PHYLLIDA'S LOVE-CALL

Corydon When my lovely one goes to her
wheel,

Singing cheerily—

Phyllida Sure methinks my true love doth
excel

For sweetness, for sweetness,
Our Pan, that old Arcadian
knight

Corydon And methinks my true love bears
the bell

For clearness, for clearness,
Beyond the nymphs that be
so bright

Phyllida Had my Corydon, my Corydon,
Been, alack, her swain—

Corydon Had my lovely one, my lovely
one,
Been in Ida plain—

Phyllida Cynthia Endymion had refused,
Preferring, preferring,
My Corydon to play withal

Corydon The queen of love had been ex-
cused,
Bequeathing, bequeathing,
My Phyllida the golden ball

Phyllida Yonder comes my mother, Cory-
don,
Whither shall I fly?

PHYLLID'S LOVE-CALL

Corydon Under yonder beech, my lovely
one,

While she passeth by

Phyllida Say to her thy true love was
not here

Remember, remember,

To-morrow is another day

Corydon Doubt me not, my true love, do
not fear

Farewell then, farewell then,

Heaven keep our loves
always

Fain I Would,
but oh I Dare not



Fain I would, but oh I dare not,
Speak my thoughts at full to praise her
“Speak the best,” cries Love, “and spare
not,
Thy speech can no higher raise her
Thy speech than thy thoughts are lower,
Yet thy thoughts doth not half know her ”

How many New
Years have
grown Old



How many new years have grown old
Since first your servant old was new !
How many long hours have I told
Since first my love was vowed to you !
And yet, alas ! she doth not know
Whether her servant love or no

How many walls as white as snow,
And windows clear as any glass,
Have I conjured to tell you so,
Which faithfully performed was !
And yet you 'll swear you do not know
Whether your servant love or no

How often hath my pale lean face,
With true characters of my love,
Petitioned to you for grace,
• Whom neither sighs nor tears can move !
O cruel, yet do you not know
Whether your servant love or no ?

Do not, O do
not Prize thy
Beauty at too
High a Rate



Do not, O do not prize thy beauty at too
high a rate,
Love to be loved whilst thou art lovely,
lest thou love too late,
Frowns print wrinkles in thy brows,
At which spiteful age doth smile,
Women in their froward vows
Glorying to beguile

Wert thou the only world's admired thou
canst love but one,
And many have before been loved, thou
art not loved alone
Couldst thou speak with heavenly
grace,
Sappho might with thee compare,
Blush the roses in thy face,
Rosamond was as fair

DO NOT, O DO NOT PRIZE

Pride is the canker that consumeth beauty
in her prime,
They that delight in long debating feel
the curse of time
All things with the time do change,
That will not the time obey,
Some even to themselves seem strange
Thorough their own delay

Since first
I Saw your
Face



Since first I saw your face I resolved to
honour and renown ye,
If now I be disdained I wish my heart
had never known ye
What? I that loved and you that liked
shall we begin to wrangle?
No, no, no, my heart is fast, and cannot
disentangle

If I admire or praise you too much, that
fault you may forgive me,
Or if my hands had strayed but a touch,
then justly might you leave me
I asked you leave, you bade me love, is't
now a time to chide me?
No, no, no, I'll love you still what for-
tune e'er betide me

The sun whose beams most glorious are
rejecteth no beholder,
And your sweet beauty past compare
made my poor eyes the bolder

SINCE FIRST I SAW YOUR FACE

Where beauty moves, and wit delights
and signs of kindness bind me,
There, O there! where'er I go I'll leave
my heart behind me

Let me not
Chloris think,
because



Let me not Chloris think, because
She hath envassel'd me,
That her beauty can give laws
To others that are free
I was made to be the prey
And booty of her eyes
In my bosom, she may say,
Her greatest kingdom lies

Though others may her brow adore,
Yet more must I that therein see far more
Than any other's eyes have power to see,
She is to me
More than to any others she can be

I can discern more secret notes
That in the margin of her cheeks Love
quotes
Than any else besides have art to read,
No looks proceed
From those fair eyes but to me wonder
breed

LET ME NOT CHLORIS THINK

O then why
Should she fly
From him to whom her sight
Doth add so much above her might?
Why should not she
Still joy to reign in me?

My Love
Bound me
with a Kiss



My Love bound me with a kiss
That I should no longer stray,
When I felt so sweet a bliss
I had less power to part away
Alas! that women do not know
Kisses make men loath to go

Yes, she knows it but too well,
For I heard when Venus' dove
In her ear did softly tell
That kisses were the seals of love
O muse not then though it be so,
Kisses make men loath to go

Wherefore did she thus inflame
My desires, heat my blood,
Instantly to quench the same

• And starve whom she had given food?
Ay, ay, the common sense can show
Kisses make men loath to go

At her Fair
Hands how
have I Grace
Entreated



At her fair hands how have I grace en-
treated,
With prayers oft repeated!
Yet still my love is thwarted
Heart, let her go, for she'll not be con-
verted
Say, shall she go?
Oh, no, no, no, no, no!
She is most fair, though she be marble-
hearted

How often have my sighs declared mine
anguish,
Wherein I daily languish!
Yet still she doth procure it
Heart, let her go, for I cannot endure it.
Say, shall she go?
O, no, no, no, no, no!
She gave the wound, and she alone must
cure it.

AT HER FAIR HANDS

The trickling tears that down my cheeks
have flowed

My love have often showed,

Yet still unkind I prove her

Heart, let her go, for nought I do can
move her

Say, shall she go?

O, no, no, no, no, no!

Though me she hate I cannot choose but
love her

But shall I still a true affection owe
her,

Which prayers, sighs, tears do show
her,

And shall she still disdain me?

Heart, let her go, if they no grace can
gain me

Say, shall she go?

O, no, no, no, no, no!

She made me hers, and hers she will re-
tain me

But if the love that hath and still doth
burn me

No love at length return me,

• Out of my thoughts I'll set her

Heart, let her go, O heart, I pray thee,
let her

Sweet Suffolk
Owl, so trimly
dight



Sweet Suffolk owl, so trimly dight
With feathers like a lady bright,
Thou sing'st alone, sitting by night,
 Te whit, te whoo!
Thy note, that forth so freely rolls,
With shrill command the mouse controls,
And sings a dirge for dying souls,
 Te whit, te whoo!

While that the
Sun with his
Beams hot



While that the sun with his beams hot
Scorched the fruits in vale and moun-
tain,

Philon, the shepherd late forgot,
Sitting beside a crystal fountain
In shadow of a green oak-tree,
Upon his pipe this song played he
Adieu, Love! adieu, Love! untrue Love!
Untrue Love, untrue Love! adieu, Love!
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love

So long as I was in your sight,
I was your heart, your soul, your trea-
sure,

And evermore you sobbed and sighed,
Burning in flames beyond all measure
Three days endured your love for me,
And it was lost in other three.

• Adieu, Love! adieu, Love! untrue Love!
Untrue Love, untrue Love! adieu, Love!
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love

SAY, LOVE, IF EVER THOU

Yet still the same and She is so "
So, so, so, and only So!
From heaven her virtues she doth borrow

"To her, then, yield thy shafts and bow
That can command affections so "

"Love is free

So are her thoughts that vanquish thee
There is no queen of Love but She "
She, She, She, and only She,
She only queen of love and beauty

When Love on
Time and Measure
Makes his Ground



When love on time and measure makes
his ground,
Time that must end, though love can
never die,
'Tis love betwixt a shadow and a sound,
A love not in the heart but in the eye,
A love that ebbs and flows, now up, now
down,
A morning's favour and an evening's
frown

Sweet looks show love, yet they are but
as beams,
Fair words seem true, yet they are but
as wind,
Eyes shed their tears, yet are but outward
streams,
Sighs paint a shadow in the falsest
mind
Looks, words, tears, sighs show love when
• love they leave,
False hearts can weep, sigh, swear, and
yet deceive

Open the Door!

Who's there

Within?



“Open the door! Who's there within?

The fairest of thy mother's kin,

O come, come, come abroad

And hear the shrill birds sing,

The air with tunes that load!

It is too soon to go to rest,

The sun not midway yet to west

The day doth miss thee

And will not part until it kiss thee ”

“Were I as fair as you pretend,

Yet to an unknown, seld-seen friend

I dare not ope the door

To hear the sweet birds sing

Oft proves a dangerous thing

The sun may run his wonted race

And yet not gaze on my poor face,

The day may miss me

Therefore depart, you shall not kiss me ”

So saith my Fair
and Beautiful
Lycoris



So saith my fair and beautiful Lycoris,
When now and then she talketh
With me of Love
"Love is a sprite that walketh,
That soars and flies,
And none alive can hold him,
Nor touch him, nor behold him "
Yet when her eye she turneth,
I spy where he sojourneth
In her eyes there he flies,
But none can catch him
Till from her lips he fetch him

Once did I Love
and yet I Live



Once did I love and yet I live,
Though love and truth be now for-
gotten,
Then did I joy, now do I grieve
That holy vows must now be broken

Hers be the blame that caused it so,
Mine be the grief though it be mickle,
She shall have shame, I cause to know
What 'tis to love a dame so fickle

Love her that list, I am content
For that chameleon-like she changeth,
Yielding such mists as may prevent
My sight to view her when she rangeth

Let him not vaunt that gains my loss,
For when that he and time hath proved
her,
She may him bring to Weeping-Cross
I say no more, because I loved her

Once did my
Thoughts both
Ebb and Flow



Once did my thoughts both ebb and flow,
As passion did them move,
Once did I hope, straight fear again,—
And then I was in love

Once did I waking spend the night,
And tell how many minutes move,
Once did I wishing waste the day,—
And then I was in love

Once, by my carving true love's knot,
The weeping trees did prove
That wounds and tears were both our
lot,—
And then I was in love.

Once did I breathe another's breath
• And in my mistress move,
Once was I not mine own at all,—
And then I was in love

. *ONCE DID MY THOUGHTS*

Once wore I bracelets made of hair,
And collars did approve,
Once wore my clothes made out of wax,—
And then I was in love

Once did I sonnet to my saint,
My soul in numbers move,
Once did I tell a thousand lies,—
And then I was in love

Once in my ear did dangling hang
A little turtle-dove,
Once, in a word, I was a fool,—
And then I was in love

A Woman's Looks,

A woman's looks
Are barbed hooks,
That catch by art
The strongest heart
When yet they spend no breath,
But let them speak,
And sighing break
Forth into tears,
Their words are spears
That wound our souls to death

The rarest wit
Is made forget,
And like a child
Is oft beguiled
With love's sweet-seeming bait,
Love with his rod
So like a god
Commands the mind,
We cannot find,
Fair shows hide foul deceit

A WOMAN'S LOOKS

Time, that all things
In order brings,
Hath taught me how
To be more slow
In giving faith to speech,
Since women's words
No truth affords,
And when they kiss
They think by this
Us men to over-reach

Ha ha! ha ha!
this World
doth Pass



Ha ha! ha ha! this world doth pass
Most merrily, I'll be sworn,
For many an honest Indian ass
Goes for an Unicorn

Farra diddle dino,
This is idle fino

Ty hye! ty hye! O sweet delight!
He tickles this age that can
Call Tullia's ape a marmosyte
And Leda's goose a swan

Farra diddle dino,
This is idle fino

So so! so so! fine English days!

When false play's no reproach
For he that doth the coachman praise,
• May safely use the coach

Farra diddle dino,
This is idle fino

Sweet Love, Mine
only Treasure



Sweet love, mine only treasure,
For service long unfeigned
Wherein I nought have gained,
Vouchsafe this little pleasure,
To tell me in what part
My Lady keeps my heart

If in her hair so slender,
Like golden nets entwined
Which fire and art have 'fined,
Her thrall my heart I render
For ever to abide
With locks so dainty tied

If in her eyes she bind it,
Wherein that fire was framed
By which it is enflamed,
I dare not look to find it
I only wish it sight
To see that pleasant light

SWEET LOVE

But if her breast have deigned
With kindness to receive it,
I am content to leave it
Though death thereby were gained
Then, Lady, take your own
That lives by you alone

Now have I
Learned with Much
Ado at Last



Now have I learned with much ado at last
By true disdain to kill desire,
This was the mark at which I shot so fast,
Unto this height I did aspire
Proud Love, now do thy worst and spare
not,
For thee and all thy shafts I care not

What hast thou left wherewith to move
my mind?
What life to quicken dead desire?
I count thy words and oaths as light as
wind,
I feel no heat in all thy fire
Go, change thy bow and get a stronger,
Go, break thy shafts and buy thee longer

- In vain thou bait'st thy hook with beauty's
blaze,
In vain thy wanton eyes allure,

Farewell, Dear
Love! since
Thou wilt needs
be gone

Farewell, dear love! since thou wilt needs
be gone
Mine eyes do show my life is almost done
—Nay I will never die,
So long as I can spy,
There be many mo
Though that she do go
There be many mo, I fear not,
Why, then, let her go, I care not

Farewell, farewell! since this I find is true,
I will not spend more time in wooing you
—But I will seek elsewhere
If I may find her there
Shall I bid her go?
What and if I do?
Shall I bid her go and spare not?
O no, no, no, no, I dare not

FAREWELL, DEAR LOVE

Ten thousand times farewell! yet stay
awhile

Sweet, kiss me once, sweet kisses time
beguile

—I have no power to move

How now, am I in love!—

Wilt thou needs be gone?

Go then, all is one

Wilt thou needs be gone? O hie thee!

Nay, stay, and do no more deny me

Once more farewell! I see “Loth to de-
part”

Bids oft adieu to her that holds my heart

But seeing I must lose

Thy love which I did choose,

Go thy ways for me,

Since it may not be

Go thy ways for me, but whither

Go?—oh, but where I may come thither

What shall I do? my love is now departed,

She is as fair as she is cruel-hearted

She would not be entreated

With prayers oft repeated

If she come no more,

Shall I die therefore?

If she come no more, what care I?

—Faith, let her go, or come, or tarry

Those Eyes that
set My Fancy
on a Fire



Those eyes that set my fancy on a fire,
Those crisped hairs that hold my heart
in chains,
Those dainty hands which conquered my
desire,
That wit which of my thoughts doth
hold the reins
Then, Love, be judge, what heart may
therewith stand
Such eyes, such head, such wit, and such
a hand?
Those eyes for clearness doth the stars
surpass,
Those hairs obscure the brightness of
the sun,
Those hands more white than ever ivory
was,
That wit even to the skies hath glory
won
• O eyes that pierce our hearts without
remorse!

THOSE EYES THAT SET

O hairs of right that wear a royal crown !
O hands that conquer more than Caesar's
force !
O wit that turns huge kingdoms upside
down !

If Fathers
Knew but how
to Leave



If fathers knew but how to leave
Their children wit as they do wealth,
And could constrain them to receive
That physic which brings perfect health,
The world would not admiring stand
A woman's face and woman's hand

Women confess they must obey,
We men will needs be servants still,
We kiss their hands, and what they say
We must commend, be't ne'er so ill
Thus we, like fools, admiring stand
Her pretty foot and pretty hand

We blame their pride, which we increase
By making mountains of a mouse,
We praise because we know we please,
• Poor women are too credulous
To think that we admiring stand
Or foot, or face, or foolish hand

Why canst
Thou not, as
Others do



Why canst thou not, as others do,
Look on me with unwounding eyes?
And yet look sweet, but yet not so,
Smile, but not in killing wise,
Arm not thy graces to confound,
Only look, but do not wound

Why should mine eyes see more in you
Than they can see in all the rest?
For I can others' beauties view
And not find my heart oppress
O be as others are to me,
Or let me be more to thee

O Night,
O Jealous
Night



O Night, O jealous Night, repugnant to
my measures!

O Night so long desired, yet cross to
my content!

There's none but only thou that can per-
form my pleasures,

Yet none but only thou that hindereth
my intent

Thy beams, thy spiteful beams, thy lamps
that burn too brightly,

Discover all my trains, and naked lay
my drifts,

That night by night I hope, yet fail my
purpose nightly,

Thy envious glaring gleam defeateth so
my shifts

Sweet Night, withhold thy beams, with-
hold them till to-morrow!

Whose joy's in lack so long a hell of
torment breeds

SHALL I LOOK

Thus my vital breath doth waste,
And, my blood with sorrow drying,
Sighs and tears make life to last
For a while, their place supplying
What remains but only dying?

What Plea-
sure have
Great Princes



What pleasure have great princes
More dainty to their choice
Than herdsmen wild, who careless,
In quiet life rejoice,
And fortune's fate not fearing
Sing sweet in summer morning?

Their dealings plain and rightful,
Are void of all deceit,
They never know how spiteful
It is to kneel and wait
On favourite presumptuous
Whose pride is vain and sumptuous

All day their flocks each tendeth,
At night they take their rest,
More quiet than who sendeth
His ship into the East,
Where gold and pearl are plenty,
But getting, very dainty

YET IF HIS MAJESTY

The cushions in the chairs,
And all the candles lighted on the stairs?
Perfume the chambers, and in any case
Let each man give attendance in his
place "

Thus if the king were coming would we
do,

And 't were good reason too,
For 'tis a duteous thing
To show all honour to an earthly king,
And after all our travail and our cost,
So he be pleased to think no labour lost.
But at the coming of the King of Heaven
All's set at six and seven

We wallow in our sin,
Christ cannot find a chamber in the inn
We entertain him always like a stranger,
And as at first still lodge him in the
manger

Let not
the Sluggish
Sleep



Let not the sluggish sleep
Close up thy waking eye,
Until with judgment deep
Thy daily deeds thou try
He that one sin in conscience keeps
When he to quiet goes,
More venturous is than he that sleeps
With twenty mortal foes

Brown is
my Love, but
Graceful



Brown is my Love, but graceful
And each renowned whiteness
Matched with thy lovely brown loseth its
brightness

Fair is my Love, but scornful
Yet have I seen despised
Dainty white lilies, and sad flowers well
prized

Fain would
I Change
that Note



Fain would I change that note
To which fond love hath charmed me
Long, long to sing by rote,
Fancying that that harmed me
Yet when this thought doth come,
"Love is the perfect sum
Of all delight,"
I have no other choice
Either for pen or voice
To sing or write

O Love, they wrong thee much
That say thy sweet is bitter,
When thy ripe fruit is such
As nothing can be sweeter
Fair house of joy and bliss,
Where truest pleasure is,
I do adore thee,
I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart,
And fall before thee

Sir Thomas Wyatt

Yea or Nay



Madam, withouten many words
Once I am sure you will or no,
And if you will, then leave your boards
And use your wit and show it so

For with a beck you shall me call,
And if of one that burns alway
You have pity or ruth at all,
Answer him fair with yea or nay

If it be yea, I shall be fain,
If it be nay, friends as before,
You shall another man obtain,
And I mine own, and yours no more

•

Edmund Spenser

Epithalamion



Ye learned sisters, which have oftentimes
Been to me aiding, others to adorn,
Whom ye thought worthy of your grace-
ful rhymes,
That even the greatest did not greatly
scorn
To hear their names sung in your simple
lays,
But joyed in their praise,
And when ye list your own mishaps to
mourn,
Which death, or love, or fortune's wreck
did raise,
Your string could soon to sadder tenor
turn,
• And teach the woods and waters to lament
Your doleful drement
Now lay those sorrowful complaints aside,

EPITHALAMION

And having all your heads with garland
crowned,
Help me mine own love's praises to
resound,
Ne let the same of any be envied
So Orpheus did for his own bride,
So I unto myself alone will sing,
The woods shall to me answer, and my
echo ring

Early, before the world's light-giving lamp
His golden beam upon the hills doth
spread,
Having disperst the night's uncheerful
damp,
Do ye awake, and with fresh lustihead
Go to the bower of my beloved love,
My truest turtle dove
Bid her awake, for Hymen is awake,
And long since ready forth his mask to
move,
With his bright teard that flames with
many a flake,
And many a bachelor to wait on him,
In their fresh garments trim
Bid her awake therefore, and soon her
dight,
For lo! the wished day is come at last,
That shall for all the pains and sorrows
past

Pay to her usury of long delight
 And, whilst she doth her dight,
 Do ye to her of joy and solace sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your
 echo ring

Bring with you all the Nymphs that you
 can hear,
 Both of the rivers and the forests green,
 And of the sea that neighbours to her
 near,
 All with gay garlands goodly well beseen
 And let them also with them bring in
 hand

Another gay garland,
 For my fair love, of lilies and of roses,
 Bound true-love-wise, with a blue silk
 riband

And let them make great store of bridal
 posies

And let them eke bring store of other
 flowers,

To deck the bridal bowers

And let the ground where's her foot shall
 tread,

For fear the stones her tender foot should
 wrong,

• Be strewed with fragrant flowers all
 along,

And diapered like the discoloured mead

EPITHALAMION

And hearken to the birds' lovelearned
song,
The dewy leaves among?
For they of joy and pleasance to you
sing,
That all the woods them answer, and
their echo ring

My love is now awake out of her dreams,
And her fair eyes, like stars that dimmed
were

With darksome cloud, now show their
goodly beams

More bright than Hesperus his head doth
rear

Come now, ye damsels, daughters of
delight,

Help quickly her to dight

But first come ye, fair hours, which were
begot,

In Jove's sweet paradise, of Day and
Night,

Which do the seasons of the year allot,

And all that ever in this world is fair

Do make and still repair

And ye three handmaids of the Cyprian
Queen,

The which do still adorn her beauty's
pride,

Help to adorn my beautifulest bride

EPITHALAMION

And, as ye her array, still throw between
Some graces to be seen,
And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing
The whiles the woods shall answer, and
your echo ring

Now is my love all ready forth to come
Let all the virgins therefore well await,
And ye, fresh boys, that tend upon her
groom,

Prepare yourselves, for he is coming
straight

Set all your things in seemly good array,
Fit for so joyful day

The joyful'st day that ever Sun did see
Fair Sun! show forth thy favourable ray,
And let thy lifefull heat not servent be,
For fear of burning her sunshiny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.

O fairest Phœbus! father of the Muse!

If ever I did honour thee aright,

Or sing the thing that mote thy mind
delight,

Do not thy servant's simple boon refuse,
But let this day, let this one day be mine,
Let all the rest be thine

Then I thy sovereign praises loud will
sing,

That all the woods shall answer, and
their echo ring

EPITHALAMION

Her goodly eyes like sapphires shining
bright,

Her forehead ivory white,

Her cheeks like apples which the sun
hath rudded,

Her lips like cherries charming men to
bite,

Her breast like to a bowl of cream un-
crudded,

Her paps like lilies budded,

Her snowy neck like to a marble tower,

And all her body like a palace fair,

Ascending up, with many a stately stair,

To honour's seat and chastity's sweet
bower

Why stand ye still, ye Virgins, in amaze
Upon her so to gaze,

Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your
echo ring?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnished with heavenly gifts of high
degree,

Much more then would ye wonder at that
sight,

And stand astonished like to those which
read

Medusa's mazeful head

EPITHALION

There dwells sweet love, and constant
chastity,
Unspotted faith, and comely womanhood,
Regard of honour, and mild modesty,
There virtue reigns as Queen in royal
throne,
And giveth laws alone,
The which the base affections do obey,
And yield their services unto her will,
Ne thought of thing uncomely ever may
Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill
Had ye once seen these her celestial
treasures,
And unrevealed pleasures,
Then would ye wonder, and her praises
sing,
That all the woods should answer, and
your echo ring

Open the temple gates unto my love!
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillars deck with garlands
trim,

For to receive this Saint with honour due
That cometh in to you

With trembling steps, and humble rever-
ence,

She cometh in before the Almighty's view
Of her, ye virgins, learn obedience,

EPITHALAMION

When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces
Bring her up to the high altar, that she
may

The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endless matrimony make,
And let the roaring Organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes,
The whiles, with hollow throats,
The Choristers the joyous Anthem sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their
echo ring

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
And blesseth her with his two happy
hands,

How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,
And the pure snow, with goodly vermeil
stain,

Like crimson dyed in grain,
That even the Angels, which continually
About the sacred altar do remain,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Oft peeping in her face, that seems more
fair,

The more they on it stare
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the
ground,

Are governed with goodly modesty

EPITHALAMION

That suffers not one look to glance awry,
Which may let in a little thought un-
sound

Why blush ye, love, to give to me your
hand,

The pledge of all our band?

Sing, ye sweet Angels, Alleluia sing,

That all the woods may answer, and your
echo ring

Now all is done bring home the Bride
again,

Bring home the triumph of our victory,

Bring home with you the glory of her
gain,

With joyance bring her and with jollity

Never had man more joyful day than this,

Whom heaven would heap with bliss

Make feast therefore now all this live-long
day,

This day for ever to me holy is

Pour out the wine without restraint or
stay

Pour not by cups but by the belly-full,

Pour out to all that will,

And sprinkle all the posts and walls with
wine,

• That they may sweat, and drunken be
withal,

Crown ye God Bacchus with a coronal,

EPITHALAMION

And Hymen also crown with wreaths of
vine

And let the Graces dance unto the rest,
For they can do it best

The whiles the maidens do their carol
sing,

To which the woods shall answer, and
their echo ring

Ring ye the bells, ye young men of the
town,

And leave your wonted labours for this
day

This day is holy, do ye write it down,
That ye for ever it remember may

This day the sun is in his chiefest height,
With Barnaby the bright,

From whence declining daily by degrees,
He somewhat loseth of his heat and
light,

When once the Crab behind his back he
sees

But for this time it ill ordained was,
To choose the longest day in all the year,
And shortest night, when longest fitter
were

Yet never day so long but late would
pass

Ring ye the bells, to make it wear away,
And bonfires make all day,

EPITHALAMION

And dance about them, and about them
sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your
echo ring

Ah! when will this long weary day have
end,

And lend me leave to come unto my love?
How slowly do the hours their numbers
spend,

How slowly does sad Time his feathers
move!

Haste thee, O fairest Planet! to thy home
Within the Western form

Thy tired steeds long since have need of
rest

Long though it be, at last I see it gloom,
And the bright evening star with golden
crest

Appear out of the East

Fair child of beauty! glorious lamp of
love!

That all the host of heaven in ranks dost
lead,

And guidest lovers through the night's sad
dread,

How cheerfully thou lookest from above,

• And seemst to laugh atween thy twinkling
light,

As joying in the sight

EPITHILAMION

Now welcome, night! thou night so long
expected,
That long day's labour dost at last defray,
And all my cares, which cruel love collected,
Has summed in one, and cancelled for
aye
Spread thy broad wing over my love and
me,
That no man may us see,
And in thy sible mantle us enwrap,
From fear of peril and foul horror free
Let no false treason seek us to entrap,
Nor any dread disquiet once annoy
The safety of our joy,
But let the night be calm and quiet some,
Without tempestuous storms or sad affray
Like as when Jove with fair Alcmena
lay,
When he begot the great Tirynthian
groom
Or like as when he with thyself did lie,
And begot Majesty
And let the maids and young men cease to
sing,
Ne let the woods them answer, nor their
echo ring

•

Let no lamenting cries, nor doleful tears,
Be heard all night within, nor yet without

EPITHALAMION

Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden fears,
Break gentle sleep with misconceived
doubt

Let no deluding dreams, nor dreadful
sights,

Make sudden sad affrights,

Ne let housefires, nor lightning's helpless
harms,

Ne let the Pouke, nor other evil sprites,

Ne let mischievous witches with their
charms,

Ne let hob-goblins, names whose sense
we see not,

Fray us with things that be not,

Let not the Screech-Owl, nor the Stork,
be heard,

Nor the night Raven, that still deadly
yells,

Nor damned ghosts, called up with mighty
spells,

Nor grisly vultures make us once affeard

Ne let the unpleasant choir of Frogs still
croaking

Make us to wish their choking

Let none of these their dreary accents sing,

Ne let the woods them answer, nor their
echo ring

But let still Silence true night watches keep,
That sacred peace may in assurance reign,

EPITHALION

And timely sleep, when it is time to sleep,
May pour his limbs forth on your pleasant
plain,

The whiles an hundred little winged loves,
Like divers-feathered doves,
Shall fly and flutter round about your bed,
And in the secret dark, that none reproves,
Their pretty stealths shall work, and snares
shall spread

To filch away sweet snatches of delight,
Concealed through covert night

Ye sons of Venus, play your sports it
will,

For greedy pleasure, careless of your toys,
Thinks more upon her paradise of joys,
Than what we do, albeit good or ill

All night therefore attend your merry play,
For it will soon be day

Now none doth hinder you, that say or
sing,

Ne will the woods now answer, nor your
echo ring

Who is the same, which at my window
peeps,

Or whose is that fair face that shines so
bright? *

- Is it not Cynthia, she that never sleeps,
But walks about high heaven all the
night?

EPITHALAMION

Which from the earth, which they may
 long possess
With lasting happiness,
Up to your haughty palaces may mount
And, for the guerdon of their glorious
 merit,
May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
Of blessed Saints for to increase the count
So let us rest, sweet love, in hope of this,
And cease till then our timely joys to
 sing,
The woods no more us answer, nor our
 echo ring

Song! made in lieu of many ornaments,
With which my love should duly have been
 decked,
Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
Ye would not stay your due time to expect,
But promised both to recompense,
Be unto her a goodly ornament,
And for short time an endless monument!

Perigot and
Willy's
Roundelay



Perigot It tell upon a holy eve,

Willy (Hey-ho, holiday ')

Perigot When holy fathers went to
shrieve,

Willy (Now 'ginneth this roundelay),

Perigot Sitting upon a hill so high,

Willy (Hey-ho, the high hill!)

Perigot The while my flock did feed
thereby,

Willy The while the shepherd's self
did spill,

Perigot I saw the bouncing Bellibone,

Willy (Hey-ho, Bonnybell!)

Perigot Tripping over the dale alone,

Willy (She can trip it very well)

Perigot Well decked in a frock of gray,

Willy (Hey-ho, gray is greet ')

Perigot And in a kirtle of green say

Willy (The green is for maidens meet)

PERIGOT AND WILLY

Willy (Hey-ho, pinching pain!)

Perigot Or thrive in wealth, she shall be
mine

Willy But if thou can her obtain

Perigot And if for graceless grief I die—

Willy (Hey-ho, graceless grief!)

Perigot Witness, she slew me with her
eye

Willy Let thy folly be the prief

Perigot And you that saw it, simple
sheep,

Willy (Hey-ho, the fair flock!)

Perigot For prief thereof my death shall
weep

Willy And moan with many a mock

Perigot So learned I love on a holy eve,

Willy (Hey-ho, holy day!)

Perigot That ever since my heart did
grieve

Willy Now endeth our roundelay



SONNET IV

New year, forth looking out of Janus' gate,
Doth seem to promise hope of new de-
light

And bidding the old adieu, his passed
date

Bids all old thoughts to die in dumpish
spright

And, calling forth out of sad winter's night
Fresh Love, that long hath slept in cheer-
less bower,

Wills him awake, and soon about him
dight

His wanton wings and darts of deadly
power

For lusty Spring now in his timely hour
Is ready to come forth, him to receive,
And warns the earth with divers-coloured
flower

To deck herself, and her fair mantle weave
• Then you, fair flower, in whom fresh
youth doth reign,

Prepare yourself new love to entertain

Sonnet V



Rudely thou wrongest my dear heart's
 desire,

In finding fault with her too portly pride
The thing which I do most in her admire,
Is of the world unworthy most envied
For in those lofty looks is close implied
Scorn of base things, and 'sdain of foul
 dishonour,

Threatening rash eyes which gaze on her
 so wide,

That loosely they ne dare to look upon her
Such pride is praise, such portliness is
 honour,

That boldened innocence bears in her eyes,
And her fur countenance, like a goodly
 banner,

Spreads in defiance of all enemies
 Was never in this world aught worthy
 tried,
Without some spark of such self-pleasing
 pride.

Sonnet X



Unrighteous lord of love, what law is this,
That me thou makest thus tormented be,
The whiles she lordeth in licentious bliss
Of her free will, scorning both thee and
me?

See' how the tyranness doth joy to see
The huge massacres which her eyes do
make,

And humbled hearts brings captive unto
thee,

That thou of them mayst mighty vengeance
take

But her proud heart do thou a little shake,
And that high look, with which she doth
control

All this world's pride, bow to a baser make,
And all her faults in thy black book enroll

That I may laugh at her in equal sort,
As she doth laugh at me, and makes
my pain her sport

Sonnet XIX



The merry cuckoo, messenger of spring,
His trumpet shrill hath thrice already
sounded,

That warns all lovers wait upon their
king,

Who now is coming forth with garland
crowned

With noise whereof the choir of birds re-
sounded,

Their anthems sweet, devised of love's
praise,

That all the woods their echoes back re-
bounded,

As if they knew the meaning of their lays

* But 'mongst them all, which did love's
honour raise,

No word was heard of her that most it
ought,

But she his precept proudly disobeys,

And doth his idle message set at naught

Therefore, O love, unless she turn to
thee

Ere cuckoo end, let her a rebel be!

Sonnet XXI



Was it the work of nature or of art,
Which tempered so the feature of her
face,

That pride and meekness, mixed by equal
part,

Do both appear to adorn her beauty's
grace?

For with mild pleasance, which doth pride
displace,

She to her love doth lookers' eyes allure,
And, with stern countenance, back again
doth chase

Their looser looks that stir up lusts impure,
With such strange terms her eyes she doth
inure,

That with one look she doth my life
dismay,

And with another doth it straight recure,
Her smile me draws, her frown me drives
away

• Thus doth she train and teach me with
her looks,

• Such art of eyes I never read in books

Sonnet XXXIV



Like as a ship, that through the ocean
wide,
By conduct of some star, doth make her
way,
Whenas a storm hath dimmed her trusty
guide
Out of her course doth wander far astray
So I, whose star, that wont with her bright
ray
Me to direct, with clouds is overcast,
Do wander now, in darkness and dismay,
Through hidden perils round about me
placed,
Yet hope I well that, when this storm is
past,
My Helce, the loadstar of my life,
Will shine again, and look on me at last,
With lovely light to clear my cloudy grief
Till then I wander careful, comfortless,
In secret sorrow, and sad pensiveness

Sonnet XXXV



My hungry eyes, through greedy covetise
Still to behold the object of their pain,
With no contentment can themselves
suffice,

But, having, pine, and having not, com-
plain

For, lacking it, they cannot life sustain,
And, having it, they gaze on it the more,
In their amazement like Narcissus vain,
Whose eyes him starved so plenty makes
me poor

Yet are mine eyes so filled with the store
Of that fair sight, that nothing else they
brook,

But loathe the things which they did like
before,

And can no more endure on them to look
All this world's glory seemeth vain to me,
And all their shows but shadows, saving
she.

Sonnet LXVIII



Most glorious Lord of life, that, on this day,
Did'st make thy triumph over death and
sin,
And, having harrowed hell, did'st bring
away
Captivity thence captive, us to win
This joyous day, dear Lord, with joy begin,
And grant that we, for whom thou diddest
die,
Being with thy dear blood clean washed
from sin,
May live for ever in felicity,
And that thy love we, weighing worthily,
May likewise love thee for the same again,
And for thy sake, that all like dear did'st
buy,
With love may one another entertain
So let us love, dear love, like as we
ought
Love is the lesson which the Lord us
taught

Sonnet LXXII



Oft, when my spirit doth spread her bolder
wings,

In mind to mount up to the purest sky,
It down is weighed with thought of earthly
things,

And clogged with burden of mortality,
Where, when that sovereign beauty it doth
spy,

Resembling heaven's glory in her light,
Drawn with sweet pleasure's bait, it back
doth fly,

And unto heaven forgets her former flight
There my frail fancy, fed with full delight,
Doth bathe in bliss, and mantleth most at
ease,

Ne thinks of other heaven, but how it
might

Her heart's desire with most contentment
please

Heart need not wish none other happi-
ness,

But here on earth to have such heaven's
bliss

OUR LADY'S LULLABY

Because I would not be to thee
But in the best I should
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my lives joy

Yet as I am and as I may,
I must and will be thine,
Though all too little for thyself
Vouchsafing to be mine
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my lives joy

My wits, my words, my deeds, my
thoughts,
And else what is in me,
I rather will not wish to use,
If not in serving thee
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my lives joy

My babe, my bliss, my child, my choice,
My fruit, my flower, and bud,
My Jesus, and my only joy,
The sum of all my good
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my lives joy

My sweetness, and the sweetest most
That heaven could earth deliver,

OUR LIDY'S LULLABY

Soul of my love, spirit of my life,
Abide with me for ever
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my lives joy

Live still with me, and be my love,
And death will me refrain,
Unless thou let me die with thee,
To live with thee again
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my lives joy

Leave now to wail, thou luckless wight
That wrought'st thy race's woe,
Redress is found, and foiled is
Thy fruit-alluring foe
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my lives joy

The fruit of death from Paradise
Made thee exiled mourn,
My fruit of life to Paradise
Makes joyful thy return
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my lives joy

• Grow up, good fruit be nourished by
These fountains two of me,
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OUR LADY'S LULLABY

That only flow with maiden's milk,
The only meat for thee
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my lives joy

The earth is now a heaven become,
And this base bower of mine,
A princely palace unto me,
My son doth make to shine
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my lives joy

His sight gives clearness to my sight,
When waking I him see,
And sleeping, his mild countenance
Gives favour unto me
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my lives joy

When I him in mine arms embrace,
I feel my heart embraced,
Even by the inward grace of his,
Which he in me hath placed
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my lives joy

And when I kiss his loving lips,
Then his sweet-smelling breath

OUR LADY'S LULLABY

Doth yield a savour to my soul,
That feeds love, hope, and faith
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my lives joy

The shepherds left their keeping sheep,
For joy to see my lamb,
How may I more rejoice to see
Myself to be the dam
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my lives joy

Three kings their treasures hither brought
Of incense, myrrh, and gold,
The heaven's treasure and the king
That here they might behold
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my lives joy

One sort an angel did direct,
A star did guide the other,
And all the fairest son to see
That ever had a mother
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my lives joy

This sight I see, this child I have,
This infant I embrace,

OUR LADY'S LULLABY

O endless comfort of the earth,
And heaven's eternal grace
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my lives joy

Thee sanctity herself doth serve,
Thee goodness doth attend,
Thee blessedness doth wait upon,
And virtues all commend
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my lives joy

Great kings and prophets wished have
To see that I possess,
Yet wish I never thee to see,
If not in thankfulness
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my lives joy

Let heaven and earth, and saints and
men,
Assistance give to me,
That all their most occurring aid
Augment my thanks to thee
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my lives joy

And let the ensuing blessed race,
Thou wilt succeeding raise,

OUR LADY'S LULLABY

Join all their praises unto mine,
To multiply thy praise
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my lives joy

And take my service well in worth,
And Joseph's here with me,
Who of my husband bears the name,
Thy servant for to be
Sing, lullaby, my little boy,
Sing, lullaby, my lives joy

Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford

Of Women



If women could be fair, and yet not fond,
Or that their love were firm, not fickle,
still,

I would not marvel that they make men
bond

By service long to purchase their good
will,

But when I see how frail those creatures
are,

I muse that men forget themselves so far

To mark the choice they make, and how
they change,

How oft from Phœbus they do flee to Pan,
Unsettled still, like haggards wild, they
range,

These gentle birds that fly from man to
man,

THE SHEPHERD'S

When lusty bloods, in fresh
array,
Hear ten months after of the
play,
And this is love, as I hear
say.

Melbaeus Yet what is love, good shep-
herd, sain?

Faustus It is a sunshine mixed with
rain,
It is a tooth-ache, or like
pain,
It is a game where none doth
gain,
The lass saith no, and would
full fain,
And this is love, as I hear
sain

Melibaeus Yet, shepherd, what is love,
I pray?

Faustus It is a yea, it is a nay,
A pretty kind of sporting fray,
It is a thing will soon away,
Then, nymphs, take 'vantage
while ye may,
And this is love, as I hear
say

DESCRIPTION OF LOVE

Melibus Yet what is love, good shepherd, show?

Faustus A thing that creeps, it cannot go,

A prize that passeth to and fro,

A thing for one, a thing for me,

And he that proves shall find it so,

And, shepherd, this is love,
I trow

The Lie



Go, Soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless arrant,
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie

Say to the court, it glows
And shines like rotten wood,
Say to the church, it shows
What's good, and doth no good
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lie

Tell potentates, they live
Acting by others' action,
Not loved unless they give,
Not strong but by a faction
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie

Tell men of high condition,
That manage the estate,

THE LIE

Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who, in their greatest cost,
Seek nothing but commending
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie

Tell zeal it wants devotion,
Tell love it is but lust,
Tell time it is but motion,
Tell flesh it is but dust
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie

Tell age it daily wasteth,
Tell honour how it alters,
Tell beauty how she blasteth,
Tell favour how it falters
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie

Tell wit how much it wrangles
• In tickle points of niceness,
Tell wisdom she entangles
Herself in over-wiseness

THE LIE

And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie

Tell physic of her boldness,
Tell skill it is pretension,
Tell charity of coldness,
Tell law it is contention
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness,
Tell nature of decay,
Tell friendship of unkindness,
Tell justice of delay
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie

Tell arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming,
Tell schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie

Tell faith it's fled the city,
Tell how the country erreth,
Tell manhood shakes off pity,
Tell virtue least preterreth
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie

THE LIE

So when thou hast, as I
 Commanded thee, done blubbing,
Although to give the lie
 Deserves no less than stabbing,
Stab it thee he that will,
No stab the soul can kill

The Pilgrimage



Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage,
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage

Blood must be my body's balmer,
No other balm will there be given,
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of heaven,
Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar fountains
There will I kiss
The bowl of bliss,
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill
My soul will be a-dry before,
But after, it will thirst no more

Then by that happy, blissful day,
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,

THE PILGRIMAGE

That have cast off their rags of clay,
And walk appirell'd fresh like me.
I'll take them first
To quench their thirst
And taste of new or suckets,
At those clear wells
Where sweetness dwells,
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets

And when our bottles and all we
Are filled with immortality,
Then the blessed paths we'll travel,
Strow'd with rubies thick as gravel,
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,
High walls of coral and pearly bowers,
From thence to heaven's bribeless hall,
Where no corrupted voices brawl,
No conscience molten into gold,
No forged accuser bought or sold,
No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey,
For there Christ is the king's Attorney,
Who pleads for all without degrees,
And he hath angels, but no fees
And when the grand twelve-million jury
Of our sins, with direful fury,
Against our souls black verdicts give,
Christ pleads his death, and then we live

Be thou my speaker, taintless pleader,
Unblotted lawyer, true proceeder!

THE PILGRIMAGE

Thou givest salvation even for alms,
Not with a bribed lawyer's palms
And this is mine eternal plea
To him that made heaven, earth, and sea
T' anathematise, since my flesh must die so soon,
And want a head to dine ^{ne} upon,
Just at the stroke, when my ^{ins} stir
and spread,
Set on my soul an everlasting ^{read}
Then am I ready, like a palm fit,
To tread those blest paths wh. before
writ

Of death and judgment, heaven and hell
Who oft doth think, must need ^{die} well

As You Came
from the
Holy Land



As you came from the holy land
Of Walsingham,
Met you not with my true love
By the way as you came?

How shall I know your true love,
That have met many one,
As I went to the holy land,
That have come, that have gone?

She is neither white nor brown,
But as the heavens fair,
There is none hath a form so divine
In the earth or the air

- Such a one did I meet, good sir,
Such an angelic face,
• Who like a queen, like a nymph, did
appear,
By her gait, by her grace

AS YOU CAME

She hath left me here all alone,
All alone, as unknown,
Who sometimes did me lead with herself,
And me loved as her own

What's the cause that she leaves you
alone,
And a new way doth take,
Who loved you once as her own,
And her joy did you make?

I have loved her all my youth,
But now old, as you see
Love likes not the falling fruit
From the withered tree

Know that Love is a careless child,
And forgets promise past,
He is blind, he is deaf when he list,
And in faith never fast

His desire is a dureless content
And a trustless joy,
He is won with a world of despair,
And is lost with a toy

Of womenkind such indeed is the love,
Or the word love abused,
Under which many childish desires
And conceits are excused

FROM THE HOLY LAND

But true love is a durable fire,
In the mind ever burning,
Never sick, never old, never dead,
From itself never turning

Sir Philip Sidney

The Bargain



My true love hath my heart, and I have
his,
By just exchange one for another given
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven
My true love hath my heart, and I have
his

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses
guides
He loves my heart, for once it was his
own,
I cherish his because in me it bides
My true love hath my heart, and I have
his

Sonnets from
Astrophel
and Stella



SONNET I

Loving in truth, and fain in verse my
love to show,
That She, dear She, might take some
pleasure of my pain,
Pleasure might cause her read, reading
might make her know,
Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace
obtain,
I sought fit words to paint the blackest
face of woe,
Studying inventions fine, her wits to
entertain,
Oft turning others' leaves, to see if thence
would flow
Some fresh and fruitful showers upon my
sunburned brain
But words came halting forth, wanting
Invention's stay,
Invention, Nature's child, fled step-dame
Study's blows,

ASTROPHEL AND STELLA

And others' feet still seemed but strangers
in my way
Thus, great with child to speak, and
helpless in my throes,
, Biting my truant pen, beating myself for
spite,
"Fool," said my Muse to me, "look in
thy heart, and write!"

Sonnet XI



In truth, O Love, with what a boyish kind,
Thou dost proceed in thy most serious
ways,
That when the heaven to thee his best
displays,
Yet of that best thou leav'st the best
behind
For, like a child that some fair book doth
find,
With gilded leaves or coloured vellum
plays,
Or, at the most, on some fair picture
stays,
But never heeds the fruit of writer's
mind,
So when thou saw'st in Nature's cabinet
Stella, thou straight look'st babies in
her eyes,
In her cheek's pit thou didst thy pitfold
set,
And in her breast bo-peep or couching
lies,
Playing and shining in each outward
part,
But, fool, seek'st not to get into her
heart

Sonnet XIV



Alas, have I not pain enough, my friend,
Upon whose breast a fiercer gripe doth
tire

Than did on him who first stole down
the fire,

While Love on me doth all his quiver
spend,

But with your rhubarb words ye must
contend

To grieve me worse in saying, that Desire
Doth plunge my well-formed soul even in
the mire

Of sinful thoughts, which do in ruin end?
If that be sin which doth the manners
frame,

Well stay'd with truth in word and faith
of deed,

Ready of wit, and fearing nought but
shame

If that be sin which in fixt hearts doth
breed

A loathing of all loose unchastity,
Then love is sin, and let me sinful be!

Sonnet XXIII



The curious wits, seeing dull pensiveness
Bewray itself in my long settled eyes,
Whence those same fumes of melancholy
rise,

With idle pains and missing aim, do
guess

Some that know how my spring I did
address,

Deem that my Muse some fruit of know-
ledge plies,

Others, because the Prince my service
tries,

Think that I think state errors to redress
But harder judges judge ambition's rage,
Scourge of itself, still climbing slippery
place,

Holds my young brain captived in golden
cage

O fools, or overwise alas, the race
Of all my thoughts hath neither stop
nor start,

But only Stella's eyes and Stella's heart

Sonnet XXVI



Though dusty wits do scorn astrology,
And tools can think those lamps of purest
light,
Whose number, ways, greatness, eternity,
Promising wonders, wonder do invite,
To have for no cause birthright in the
sky
But for to spangle the black weeds of
night,
Or for some brawl which in that chamber
high
They should still dance to please a gazer's
sight
For me, I do Nature unidle know,
And know great causes great effects pro-
cure,
And know those bodies high reign on the
low
And if these rules did fail, proof makes
me sure,
Who oft fore-judge my after-following
race,
By only those two stars in Stella's face

Sonnet XXXI



With how sad steps, O Moon, thou
climb'st the skies!

How silently, and with how wan a face!

What, may it be that even in heavenly
place

That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?

Sure, if that long with love-acquainted
eyes

Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's
case,

I read it in thy looks, thy languisht
grace,

To me that feel the like, thy state des-
cries

Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell
me,

Is constant love deemed there but want
of wit?

Are beauties there as proud as here they
be?

Do they above love to be loved, and
yet

Those lovers scorn whom that love doth
possess?

Do they call virtue there, ungrateful-
ness?

Sonnet XXXIX



Come Sleep! O Sleep, the certain knot
of peace,
The bating place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high
and low,
With shield of proof, shield me from out
the prease
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth
throw,
O make in me those civil wars to cease,
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest
bed,
A chamber deaf to noise and blind to
light,
A rosy garland and a weary head
And if these things, as being thine by
right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in
me,
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image
see

Sonnet XCII



Be your words made, good Sir, of Indian
ware,

That you allow me them by so small
rate?

Or do you cutted Spartans imitate?

Or do you mean my tender ears to spare

That to my questions you so total are?

When I demand of Phoenix Stella's state,

You say, forsooth, you left her well of
late

O God, think you that satisfies my care?

I would know whether she did sit or walk,

How clothed, how waited on, sighed she
or smiled,

Whereof, with whom, how often did she
talk,

With what pastime time's journey she
beguiled,

If her lips deigned to sweeten my poor
name

Say all, and, all well said, still say the
same

Songs from
Astrophel
and Stella



DOUBT YOU TO WHOM MY MUSE
THESE NOTES INTLNDETH

Doubt you to whom my Muse these
notes intendeth,
Which now my breast o'ercharged to
music lendeth?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due
Only in you my song begins and endeth

Who hath the eyes which marry state
with pleasure?
Who keeps the key of Nature's chiefest
treasure?
To you, to you, all song of praise is due
Only for you the heaven forgot all
measure

Who hath the lips, where wit in fairness
reigneth?
Who womankind at once both decks and
staineth?

Only Joy, now
here you are



Only Joy, now here you are,
Fit to hear and ease my care,
Let my whispering voice obtain
Sweet reward for sharpest pain,
Take me to thee, and thee to me
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be "

Night hath closed all in her cloak,
Twinkling stars love-thoughts provoke,
Danger hence, good care doth keep,
Jealousy itself doth sleep,
Take me to thee, and thee to me
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be "

Better place no wit can find,
Cupid's yoke to loose or bind,
These sweet flowers on fine bed too,
Us in their best language woo,
Take me to thee, and thee to me
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be "

ONLY JOY

This small light the moon bestows
Serves thy beams but to disclose,
So to raise my hap more high,
Fear not else, none can us spy,
Take me to thee, and thee to me
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be."

That you heard was but a mouse,
Dumb Sleep holdeth all the house
Yet asleep methinks they say,
"Young fools, take time while you may",
Take me to thee, and thee to me
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be "

Niggard time threats, if we miss
This large offer of our bliss,
Long stay ere he grant the same
Sweet, then, while each thing doth frame,
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be "

Your fair mother is abed,
Candles out, and curtains spread,
She thinks you do letters write,
Write, but let me first endite
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be "

Sweet, alas, why strive you thus?
Concord better fitteth us,

ONLY JOY

Leave to Mars the force of hands,
Your power in your beauty stands,
Take me to thee, and thee to me
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be "

Woe to me, and do you swear
Me to hate? but I forbear,
Cursed be my destinies all,
That brought me so high to fall,
Soon with my death I will please thee
"No, no, no, no, my dear, let be "

In a Grove most
Rich of Shade



In a grove most rich of shade,
Where birds winton music made,
May, then young, his pied weeds showing,
New perfumed with flowers fresh growing,

Astrophel with Stella sweet
Did for mutual comfort meet,
Both within themselves oppressed,
But each in the other blessed

Him great harms had taught much care,
Her tur neck a foul yoke bare,
But her sight his cares did banish,
In his sight her yoke did vanish

Wept they had, alas the while,
But now tears themselves did smile,
While their eyes, by love directed,
Interchangeably reflected

Sigh they did, but now betwixt
•Sighs of woe were glid sighs mixt,
With arms crossed, yet testifying
Restless rest, and living dying

IN A GROVE

Their ears hungry of each word
Which the dear tongue would afford,
But their tongues restrained from walking,
Till their hearts had ended talking

But when their tongues could not speak,
Love itself did silence break
Love did set his lips asunder,
Thus to speak in love and wonder

“Stella, sovereign of my joy,
Fair triumpher of annoy,
Stella, star of heavenly fire,
Stella, loadstar of desire,

“Stella, in whose shining eyes
Are the lights of Cupid’s skies,
Whose beams, where they once are darted,
Love therewith is straight imparted,

“Stella, whose voice, when it speaks,
Senses all asunder breaks,
Stella, whose voice, when it singeth,
Angels to acquaintance bringeth,

“Stella, in whose body is
Writ each character of bliss,
Whose face all, all beauty passeth,
Save thy mind, which yet surpasseth,

MOST RICH OF SHADE

2 "Grant, O grant, but speech, alas,
Fails me, fearing on to pass
Grant—O me, what am I saying?
But no fault there is in praying

"Grant, O dear! on knees I pray"
(Knees on ground he then did stay),
"That, not I, but since I love you,
Time and place for me may move you.

"Never season was more fit,
Never room more apt for it,
Smiling air allows my reason,
These birds sing now use the season

"This small wind, which so sweet is,
• See how it the leaves doth kiss,
Each tree in his best attiring,
Sense of love to love inspiring

"Love makes earth the water drink,
Love to earth makes water sink,
And, if dumb things be so witty,
Shall a heavenly grace want pity?"

There his hands, in their speech, fain
• Would have made tongue's language plain,
But her hands, his hands repelling,
Gave repulse, all grace excelling

IN A GROVE

Then she spake, her speech was such,
As not ears, but heart did touch,
While such wise she love denied,
As yet love she signified

“Astrophel,” said she, “my love,
Cease, in these effects, to prove,
Now be still, yet still believe me,
Thy grief more than death would grieve
me

“If that any thought in me
Can taste comfort but of thee,
Let me, fed with hellish anguish,
Joyless, hopeless, endless languish

“If those eyes you praised, be
Half so dear as you to me,
Let me home return, stark blinded
Of those eyes, and blinder minded

“If to secret of my heart,
I do any wish impart,
Where thou art not foremost placed,
Be both wish and I defaced

“If more may be said, I say
All my bliss in thee I lay,
If thou love, my love content thee,
For all love, all faith is meant thee

MOST RICH OF SHADL

"Trust me, while I thee deny,
In myself the smart I try,
Tyrant Honour doth thus use thee,
Still is self might not refuse thee

"Therefore, dear, this no more move,
Lest, though I leave not thy love,
Which too deep in me is framed,
I should blush when thou art named "

Therewithal away she went,
Leaving him to passion, rent
With what she had done and spoken,
That therewith my song is broken

O Dear Life,
When Shall it be



O dear life, when shall it be
That mine eyes thine eyes may see,
And in them thy mind discover,
Whether absence have had force
Thy remembrance to divorce
From the image of the lover?

Or if I myself find not,
After parting, ought forgot,
Nor debarred from Beauty's treasure,
Let no tongue aspire to tell
In what high joys I shall dwell
Only Thought aims at the pleasure

Thought,* therefore, I will send thee
To take up the place for me,
Long I will not alter tarry,
There, unseen, thou mayest be bold,
Those fair wonders to behold,
Which in them my hopes do carry

Thought, see thou no place forbear,
Enter bravely everywhere,
Seize on all to her belonging,
But if thou wouldst guarded be,

O DEAR LIFE

Fearing her beams, take with thee
Strength of liking, rage of longing

Think of that most grateful time
When my leaping heart will climb
In thy lips to have his bidding,
There those roses for to kiss,
Which do breathe a sugared bliss,
Opening rubies, pearls dividing

Think of my most princely power,
When I blessed shall devour
With my greedy lickorous senses
Beauty, music, sweetness, love,
While she doth against me prove
Her strong darts but weak defences

Think, think of those dallings,
When with dovelike murmurings,
With glad mourning, passed anguish,
We change eyes, and heart for heart
Each to other do depart,
Joying till joy makes us languish

O my Thought, my thoughts surcease,
Thy delights my woes increase,
My life melts with too much thinking,
Think no more, but die in me,
Till thou shalt revived be,
At her lips my nectar drinking

Ring out
Your Bells



Ring out your bells, let mourning shows
be spread,

For Love is dead
All love is dead, infected
With plague of deep disdain,
Worth, as not worth, rejected,
And Faith, fair scorn doth gain
From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female frenzy,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us!

Weep, neighbours, weep, do you not hear
it said

That Love is dead?
His deathbed, peacock's folly,
His winding-sheet is shame,
His will, false-seeming holy,
His sole executor, blame
From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female frenzy,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us!

RING OUT YOUR BELLS

Let dirge be sung, and trentals rightly
read,

For Love is dead
Sir Wrong his tomb ordaineth,
My mistress' marble heart,
Which epitaph containeth,
"Her eyes were once his dart"
From so ungrateful fancy,
From such a female frenzy,
From them that use men thus,
Good Lord, deliver us!

Alas! I lie, rage hath this error bred,
Love is not dead
Love is not dead, but sleepeth
In her unmatched mind,
Where she his counsel keepeth,
Till due desert she find
Therefore from so vile fancy,
To call such wit a frenzy,
Who love can temper thus,
Good Lord, deliver us!

Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke

Myra



I, with whose colours Myra dressed her
head,

I, that wear posies of her own hand-
making,

I, that mine own name in the chimneys
read

By Myra finely wrought ere I was
waking

Must I look on, in hope time coming
my

With change bring back my turn again
to play?

I, that on Sunday at the church-stile
lound

A garland sweet, with true love-knots in
flowers,

MYRA

Which I to wear about mine arms was
bound,

That each of us might know that all
was ours

Must I now lead in idle life in wishes,
And follow Cupid for his loves and
fishes?

I, that did wear the ring her mother left,
I, for whose love she gloried to be
blamed,

I, with whose eyes her eyes committed
theft,

I, who did make her blush when I was
named

Must I lose ring, flowers, blush, theft,
and go naked,

Watching with sighs, till dead love be
awaked?

I, that when drowsy Argus fell asleep,

Like jealousy o'erwatched with desire,

Was ever warned modesty to keep,

While her breath speaking kindled
Nature's fire

Must I look on a-cold, while others warm
them?

Do Vulcan's brothers in such fine nets
arm them?

MYRA

Was it for this that I might Myra see
Washing the water with her beauties
white?

* Yet would she never write her love to me, ,
Thinks wit of change while thoughts
are in delight?

Mad girls must safely love, is they may
leave,

No man can print a kiss, lines may
deceive

Her Eyes .



You little stars that live in skies
And glory in Apollo's glory,
In whose aspects conjoined lies
The heaven's will and nature's story,
Joy to be likened to those eyes,
Which eyes make all eyes glad or sorry,
For, when you force thoughts from above,
These over-rule your force by Love.

And thou, O Love, which in these eyes
Hast married reason with affection,
And made them mints of beauty's skies,
Where joys are shadows of perfection,
Lend me thy wings that I may rise
Up not by worth but by election,
For I have vowed, in strangest fashion,
To love and never seek compassion

Love's Laws



Away with these self-loving lads
Whom Cupid's arrow never glads,
Away, poor souls, that sigh and weep
In love of those that lie asleep,
For Cupid is a meadow-god,
And forceth none to kiss the rod

Sweet Cupid's shafts, like Destiny,
Do causeless good or ill decree,
Desert is born out of his bow,
Reward upon his wing doth go
What fools are they that have not known
That Love likes no laws but his own

My songs they be of Cynthia's praise,
I wear her rings on holy-days,
In every tree I write her name,
And every day I read the same
Where honour Cupid's rival is,
There miracles are seen of his

-
- If Cynthia crave her ring of me,
I blot her name out of the tree,

LOVE'S LAWS

If doubt do darken things held dear,
Then well fare nothing once a year;
For many run, but ore must win
Fools only hedge the cuckoo in

The worth that worthiness should move
Is love, that is the bow of Love,
And love as well the foster can
As can the mighty nobleman.
Sweet saint, 'tis true, you worthy be,
Yet without love nought worth to me.

John Lyly

Spring



What bird so sings, yet so does wail?
O' 'tis the ravished nightingale
"Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu!" she cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise
Brave prick-song! who is't now we hear?
None but the lark so shrill and clear,
Now at heaven's gates she claps her
wings,

The morn not waking till she sings
Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat
Poor robin redbreast tunes his note!
Hark how the jolly cuckoos sing,
"Cuckoo", to welcome in the spring!
"Cuckoo", to welcome in the spring!

Cupid and Campaspe



Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses, Cupid paid
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows,
Loses them too, then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on's cheek (but none knows
how),
With these, the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin
All these did my Campaspe win
At last he set her both his eyes,
She won, and Cupid blind did rise
O Love! has she done this for thee?
What shall, alas! become of me?

Nicholas Breton

Phyllida
and Corydon



In the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day,
Forth I walked by the woodside
Whenas May was in his pride
There I spied all alone
Phyllida and Corydon
Much ado there was, God wot!
He would love and she would not
She said, never man was true,
He said, none was false to you
He said, he had loved her long,
She said, Love should have no wrong
Corydon would kiss her then,
She said, maids must kiss no men
Till they did for good and all,
Then she made the shepherd call
All the heavens to witness truth
Never loved a truer youth

COME, LITTLE BABE

And dost thou smile? O, thy sweet face!
Would God himself he might thee see!
No doubt thou wouldst soon purchase
 grace,

I know right well, for thee and me
But come to mother, babe, and play,
For father false is fled away

Sweet boy, if it by fortune chince
Thy father home again to send,
If death do strike me with his lance,
Yet mayst thou me to him commend
If any ask thy mother's name,
Tell how by love she purchased blame

The Third Pastor's Song



Who can live in heart so glad
Is the merry country lad?
Who upon a fur green bank
May at pleasure sit and walk,
And amid the azure skies
See the morning sun arise,
While he hears in every spring
How the birds do chirp and sing,
Or, before the hounds in cry,
See the hare go stealing by,
Or, along the shallow brook
Angling with a baited hook,
See the fishes leap and play
In a blessed sunny day,
Or to hear the partridge call
Till she have her covey all,
Or to see the subtle fox,
How the villain plies the box,
After feeding on his prey
How he closely sneaks away,
Through the hedge and down the furrow,
Till he gets into his burrow,

Thomas Lodge

Rosalind's Madrigal



Love in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast,
My kisses are his dailie feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest
Ah! wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
With prettie flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The livelong night
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string,
His music plays if so I sing,
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting
Whist, wanton, still ye!

ROSALIND'S MADRIGAL

Else I with roses every day
 Will whip you hence,
And bind you, when you long to play,
 For your offence
I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in,
I'll make you fast it for your sin,
I'll count your power not worth a pin
Alas! what hereby shall I win,
 If he gainsay me?

What if I beat the wanton boy
 With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
 Because a god
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
Then let thy bower my bosom be,
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee,
O Cupid, so thou pity me,
 Spare not, but play thee!

Montanus'
Sonnet



Phœbe sat,
Sweet she sit
Sweet sat Phœbe when I saw her,
White her brow,
Coy her eye,
Brow and eye how much you please me!
Words I spent,
Sighs I sent,
Sighs and words could never draw her
Oh my love,
Thou art lost
Since no sight could ever ease thee

Phœbe sat
By a fount,
Sitting by a fount I spied her
Sweet her touch,
Rare her voice,
Touch and voice what may distain you?
As she sang,
I did sigh,

MONTANUS' SONNET

And by sighs whilst that I tried her,
Oh mine eyes!
You did lose
Her first sight, whose want did pain you

Phœbe's flocks
White as wool,
Yet were Phœbe's locks more whiter
Phœbe's eyes
Dove-like, mild,
Dove-like eyes, both mild and cruel,
Montan swears,
In your lamps
He will die for to delight her
Phœbe, yield,
Or I die
Shall true hearts be fancy's fuel?

Turn I
my Looks



Turn I my looks unto the skies,
Love with his arrows wounds mine eyes,
If so I gaze upon the ground,
Love then in every flower is found,
Search I the shade to fly the pain,
He meets me in the shade again,
Wend I to walk in sacred grove,
Even there I meet with sacred Love,
If so I bairn me in the spring,
Even on the bank I hear him sing,
If so I meditate alone,
He will be partner of my moan,
If so I mourn, he weeps with me,
And where I am there he will be
Whenas I talk of Rosalind
The god from coyness waxeth kind,
And seems in self-same flames to fry
Because he loves as well as I
Sweet Rosalind, for pity rue,
For why than Love I am more true
He, if he speed, will quickly fly,
But in thy love I live and die

The Earth,
late Choked
with Showers



The earth, late choked with showers,
Is now arrayed in green,
Her bosom springs with flowers,
The air dissolves her teen
The heavens laugh at her glory,
Yet bide I sad and sorry

The woods are decked with leaves,
And trees are clothed gay,
And Flora, crowned with sheaves,
With oaken boughs doth play
Where I am clothed with black,
The token of my wrack

The birds upon the trees
Do sing with pleasant voices,
And chant in their degrees
Their loves and lucky choices
When I, whilst they are singing,
With sighs mine arms am wringing

THE EIRIH, LATE CHOKED

o The thrushes seek the shade,
And I my fatal grave,
Their flight to heaven is made,
My walk on earth I have
They true, I thrall, they jolly,
I sad and pensive wholly

The Hamadryad's Song



Pluck the fruit and taste the pleasure,
Youthful lordings, of delight,
Whilst occasion gives you seizure,
Feed your fancies and your sight
After death, when you are gone,
Joy and pleasure is there none

Here on earth nothing is stable,
Fortune's changes well are known,
Whilst as youth doth then enable,
Let your seeds of joy be sown
After death, when you are gone,
Joy and pleasure is there none

Feast it freely with your lovers,
Blithe and wanton sports do fade,
Whilst that lovely Cupid hovers
Round about this lovely shade
Sport it freely one to one,
After death is pleasure none

THE HAMADRYAD'S SONG

Now the pleasant spring allureth,
And both place and time invites
But, alas ! what heart endureth
To disclaim his sweet delights?
After death, when we are gone,
Joy and pleasure there is none.

ROSALINE

To watch for glances every hour
From her divine and sacred eyes
Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline!
Her paps are centres of delight,
Her breasts are orbs of heavenly frame
Where Nature moulds the dew of light
To feed perfection with the same
Heigh-ho, would she were mine!

With orient pearl, with ruby red,
With marble white, with sapphire blue,
Her body every way is fed,
Yet soft in touch and sweet in view
Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline!
Nature herself her shape admires,
The gods are wounded in her sight,
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires
And at her eyes his brand doth light
Heigh-ho, would she were mine!

Then muse not, Nymphs, though I bemoan
The absence of fair Rosaline,
Since for her fair there's fairer none,
Nor for her virtues so divine
Heigh-ho, fair Rosaline!
Heigh-ho, my heart! would God that she
were mine!

George Peele

Fair and Fair



Ænone

Fair and fair, and twice so
fair,

As fair is any may be,
The fairest shepherd on our
green,

A love for any lady

Paris

Fair and fair, and twice so
fair,

As fair as any may be,
Thy love is fair for thee
alone,

And for no other lady

Ænone

My love is fair, my love is
gay,

As fresh as bin the flowers
in May,

And of my love my rounde-
lay,

My merry, merry, merry
roundelay,

A FAREWELL TO ARMS

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
He'll teach his swains this carol for a
song

"Blest be the hearts that wish my sovereign well,

Curst be the souls that think her any
wrong"

Goddess, allow this aged man his right,
To be your beadsman now that was your
knight

Chidiock Tichborne

Verses Written in
the Tower the
Night before he
was Beheaded



My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain,
My crop of corn is but a field of tares,
And all my good is but vain hope of
gain,

The day is fled, and yet I saw no sun,
And now I live, and now my life is done!

The spring is past, and yet it hath not
sprung,

The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves
are green,

My youth is gone, and yet I am but
young,

I saw the world, and yet I was not
seen,

My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun,
And now I live, and now my life is done!

WRITTEN IN THE TOWER

I sought my death, and found it in my
womb,

I looked for life, and saw it was a
shade,

I trod the earth, and knew it was my
tomb,

And now I die, and now I am but
made,

The glass is full, and now my glass is
run,

And now I live, and now my life is done'

Robert Greene

Sephestia's Cradle Song



Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my
knee,

When thou art old there's grief enough
for thee

Mother's wag, pretty boy,

Father's sorrow, father's joy,

When thy father first did see

Such a boy by him and me,

He was glad, I was woe,

Fortune changed made him so,

When he left his pretty boy,

Last his sorrow, first his joy

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my
knee,

When thou art old there's grief enough
for thee

SEPHESTIA'S CRADLE SONG

Streaming tears that never stint,
Like pearl-drops from a flint,
Fell by course from his eyes,
That one another's place supplies,
Thus he grieved in every part,
Tears of blood fell from his heart,
When he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my
knee,

When thou art old there's grief enough
for thee

The wanton smiled, father wept,
Mother cried, baby leapt,
More he crowed, more we cried,
Nature could not sorrow hide
He must go, he must kiss
Child and mother, baby bliss,
For he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my
knee,

When thou art old there's grief enough
for thee

Samela



Like to Diana in her summer weed,
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest dye,
Goes fair Samela
Whiter than be the flocks that straggling
feed
When washed by Arethusæ fount they lie,
Is fair Samela.
As fair Aurora in her morning gray,
Decked with the ruddy glister of her love
Is fair Samela
Like lovely Thetis on a calmed day
Whenas her brightness Neptune's fancy
move,
Shines fair Samela
Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassy
streams,
Her teeth are pearl, the breasts are ivory
Of fair Samela
Her cheeks like rose and lily yield forth
gleams,
Her brows bright arches framed of ebony
Thus fair Samela
Passeth fair Venus in her bravest hue,

SAMELA

And Juno in the show of majesty
 For she's Samela
Pallas in wit, all three, if you will view,
For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity,
 Yield to Samela

Doron and
Carmela



Doron Sit down, Carmela, here are cobs
for kings,
Shoes black as jet or like my
Christmas shoes,
Sweet cider which my leathern
bottle brings,
Sit down, Carmela, let me kiss
thy toes

Carmela, Ah Doron! ah my heart! thou
art as white
As is my mother's calf or
brinded cow,
Thine eyes are like the slow-
worms in the night,
Thine hairs resemble thickest
of the snow

The lines within thy face are
deep and clear
Like to the furrows of my
father's wain,

DORON AND CARMELA

The sweat upon thy face doth
oft appear

Like to my mother's fat and
kitchen-gain

Ah, leave my toe, and kiss my
lips, my love!

My lips are thine, for I have
given them thee,

Within thy cap 't is thou shalt
wear my glove,

At football sport thou shalt
my champion be

Doron Carmela dear, even as the
golden ball

That Venus got, such are thy
goodly eyes,

When cherries' juice is jumbled
therewithal,

Thy breath is like the steam
of apple-pies

Thy lips resemble two cucumbers
fair,

Thy teeth like to the tusks of
fattest swine,

Thy speech is like the thunder
in the air

Would God, thy toes, thy lips,
and all were mine!

DORON AND CARMELA

Carmela Doron, what thing doth move
this wishing grief?

Doron 'Tis Love, Carmela, ah, 'tis
cruel Love,
That, like a slave and cantiff
villain-thief,
Hath cut my throat of joy for
thy behove

Carmela Where was he born?

Doron In faith, I know not where,
But I have heard much talk-
ing of his dart
Ay me, poor man! with many a
trampling tear
I feel him wound the fore-
horse of my heart

What, do I love? O, no, I do
but talk

What, shall I die for love?
O, no, not so

What, am I dead? O, no, my
tongue doth walk

Come, kiss, Carmela, and con-
found my woe

Carmela Even with this kiss, as once my
father did,
I seal the sweet indentures of
delight

SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S SONG

If country loves such sweet desires do
gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd
swain?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
His cream and curds as doth the king
his meat,

And blither too,
For kings have often fears when they do
sup,
Where shepherds dread no poison in their
cup

Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do
gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd
swain?

To bed he goes, as wanton, then, I ween,
As is a king in dalliance with a queen,

More wanton too,
For kings have many griefs affects to
move,
Where shepherds have no greater grief
than love

Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd
swain?

SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S SONG

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as
sound

As doth a king upon his beds of down,
More sounder too,

For cares cause kings full oft their sleep
to spill,

Where weary shepherds lie and snort their
fill

Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires do
gain,

What lady would not love a shepherd
swain?

Thus with his wife he spends the year,
as blithe

As doth the king at every tide or sithe,
And blither too,

For kings have wars and broils to take
in hand,

Where shepherds laugh and love upon
the land

Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires do
gain,

What lady would not love a shepherd
swain?

Content



Sweet are the thoughts that savour of
content,

The quiet mind is richer than a crown,
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber
spent,

The poor estate scorns fortune's angry
frown,

Such sweet content, such minds, such
sleep, such bliss,

Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss

The homely house that harbours quiet
rest,

The cottage that affords no pride nor
care,

The mean that 'grees with country music
best,

The sweet consort of mirth and music's
fare,

Obscured life sets down a type of bliss,
A mind content both crown and kingdom

Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam

The World



The world's a bubble and the life of man
Less than a span,
In his conception wretched, from the
womb,

So to the tomb,
Curst from his cradle, and brought up to
years

With cares and fears
Who then to frail mortality shall trust
But limns on water, or but writes in
dust

Yet, whilst with sorrow here we live
oppressed,

What life is best?
Courts are but only superficial schools,
To dandle fools,

THE WORLD

The rural part is turned into a den
Of savage men,
And where's a city from foul vice so free
But may be termed the worst of all the
three?

Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed,
Or pains his head
Those that live single take it for a curse,
Or do things worse
These would have children, those that
have them moan,
Or wish them gone
What is it, then, to have or have no
wife,
But single thralldom or a double strife?

Our own affections still at home to please
Is a disease,
To cross the seas to any foreign soil,
Peril and toil,
Wars with their noise affright us, when
they cease,
We're worse in peace
What then remains, but that we still
should cry
For being born, and, being born, to die?

Robert Southwell

The Burning Babe

As I in hoary winter's night stood shivering
in the snow,

Surprised was I with sudden heat which
made my heart to glow

And lifting up a fearful eye to view what
fire was near,

A pretty babe all burning bright did in
the air appear,

Who, scorched with excessive heat, such
floods of tears did shed

As though His floods should quench His
flames with which His tears were fed

"Alas!" quoth He, "but newly born in
fiery heats I fry,

Yet none approach to warm their hearts
or feel my fire but I!

"My faultless breast the furnace is, the
fuel, wounding thorns,

Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke,
the ashes, shames and scorns,

THE BURNING BABE

The fuel Justice layeth on, and Mercy
blows the coals,
The metal in this furnace wrought are
men's defiled souls
For which, as now on fire I am to work
them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath, to wash
them in my blood "
With this He vanished out of sight and
swiftly shrunk away,
And straight I called unto mind that it
was Christmas Day

A Child my Choice



Let folly praise that fancy loves, I praise
and love that Child
Whose heart no thought, whose tongue
no word, whose hand no deed defiled.
I praise Him most, I love Him best, all
praise and love is His,
While Him I love, in Him I live, and
cannot live amiss
Love's sweetest mark, laud's highest theme,
man's most desired light,
To love Him life, to leave Him death, to
live in Him delight
He mine by gift, I His by debt, thus each
to other due,
First friend He was, best friend He is,
all times will try Him true
Though young, yet wise, though small, yet
strong, though man, yet God He is,
As wise He knows, as strong He can, as
God He loves to bless

A CHILD MY CHOICE

His knowledge rules, His strength de-
fends, His love doth cherish all,
His birth our joy, His life our light, His
death our end of thrall
Alas! He weeps, He sighs, He pants, yet
do His angels sing,
Out of His tears, His sighs and throbs,
doth bud a joyful spring
Almighty Babe, whose tender arms can
force all foes to fly,
Correct my faults, protect my life, direct
me when I die!

Henry Constable

Damelus' Song of his Diaphenia



Diaphenia, like the daffadowndilly,
White as the sun, fair as the lily,
Heigh-ho, how I do love thee!

I do love thee as my lambs
Are beloved of their dams

How blest were I if thou wouldst
prove me!

Diaphenia, like the spreading roses,
That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,
Fair sweet, how I do love thee!

I do love thee as each flower

Loves the sun's life-giving power,

For dead, thy breath to life might
move me

DAMELUS' SONG

Diaphenia like to all 'things blessed
When all thy praises are expressed,
 Dear joy, how I do love thee!
As the birds do love the spring,
Or the bees their careful king †
 Then in requite, sweet virgin, love
 me!

The Shepherd's
Song of Venus
and Adonis



Venus fair did ride,
Silver doves they drew her
By the pleasant lawns,
Ere the sun did rise,
Vesta's beauty rich
Opened wide to view her,
Philomel records
Pleasing harmonies
Every bird of spring
Cheerfully did sing,
Paphos' goddess they salute
Now Love's Queen so fair
Had of mirth no care,
For her son had made her mute
In her breast so tender
He a shaft did enter,
When her eyes beheld a boy
Adonis was he named,
By his mother shamed,
Yet he now is Venus' joy'

VENUS AND ADONIS

At the name of boar,
Venus seemed dying,
Deadly coloured, pale,
Roses overcast
"Speak," said she, "no more
Of following the boar,
Thou, unfit for such a chase,
Course the fearful hare,
Venison do not spare
If thou wilt yield Venus grace,
Shun the boar, I pray thee,
Else I still will stay thee "
Herein, he vowed to please her mind,
Then her arms enlarged,
Loth she him discharged
Forth he went as swift as wind

Thetis Phœbus' steeds
In the west retained,
Hunting sport was past,
Love her love did seek
Sight of him too soon,
Gentle queen, she gained,
On the ground he lay,
Blood had left his cheek
For an orped swine
Smit him in the groin,
Deadly wound his death did bring,
Which, when Venus found,
She fell in a swoond,

Second Chorus from
Hymen's Triumph



Desire, that is of things ungot,
See what travail it procureth,
And how much the mind endureth,
To gain what yet it gaineth not
For never was it paid,
The charge defrayed,
According to the price of thought

Beauty's Date



Beauty, sweet love, is like the morning
dew,

Whose short refresh upon the tender green
Cheers for a time, but till the sun doth
show,

And straight 'tis gone, as it had never
been

Soon doth it fade that makes the fairest
flourish,

Short is the glory of the blushing rose,
The hue which thou so carefully dost
nourish,

Yet which, at length, thou must be forced
to lose,

When thou, surcharged with burthen of
thy years,

Shall bend thy wrinkles homeward to the
earth,

And that in Beauty's lease, expired, ap-
pears

The date of age, the kalends of our death
But, ah! no more, this must not be
foretold,

For women grieve to think they must
be old

Sleep



Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sible
Night,

Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my languish, and restore the light,
With dark forgetting of my care, return!
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth,
Let waking eyes suffice to vaunt their scorn,
Without the torment of the night's untruth
Cease, dreams, the images of day-dreams,
To model forth the passions of the mor-
row,

Never let rising sun approach you hours,
To add more grief to aggravate my sor-
row

Still let me sleep embracing clouds in
vain,

And never wake to feel the day's dis-
dun

Epistle to the
Lady Margaret,
Countess of
Cumberland



He that of such a height hath built his
mind,
And reared the dwelling of his thoughts
so strong,
As neither fear nor hope can shake the
frame
Of his resolved powers, nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same
What a fair seat hath he, from whence
he may
The boundless wastes and wilds of man
survey!

And with how free an eye doth he look
down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil!
Where all the storms of passions mainly
beat

EPISTLE TO LADY MARGARET

On flesh and blood where honour, power,
renown

Are only gay afflictions, golden toil,
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet
As frailty doth, and only great doth seem
To little minds, who do it so esteem

He looks upon the mightiest monarchs'
wars

But only as on stately robberies,
Where evermore the fortune that prevails
Must be the right the ill-succeeding wars
The fairest and the best-faced enterprise
Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails
Justice, he sees (as if seduced), still
Conspires with power, whose cause must
not be ill

He sees the face of Right as manifold
As are the passions of uncertain man,
Who puts it in all colours, all attires,
To serve his ends and make his courses
hold

He sees, that let deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high de-
sires,

That the all-guiding providence doth yet
All disappoint, and mocks this smoke
of wit

COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND

Nor is he moved with all the thunder-
cracks
Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brow
Of power, that proudly sits on others'
crimes,
Charged with more crying sins than those
he checks
The storms of sad confusion, that may
grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
Appal not him, that hath no side at all,
But of himself, and knows the worst can
fall

Although his heart, so near allied to
earth,
Cannot but pity the perplexed state
Of *troublous and distressed mortality*,
That thus make way unto the ugly birth
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget
Affliction upon imbecility
Yet seeing thus the course of things must
run,
He looks thereon not strange, but as
fore-done

And whilst distraught ambition com-
passes,
And is encompassed, whilst as craft de-
ceives

EPISTLE TO LADY MARGARET

And is deceived, whilst man doth ransack
man,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress,
And the inheritance of desolation leaves
To great-expecting hopes he looks thereon,
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in impiety

Thus, madam, fares the man that hath
prepared
A rest for his desires, and sees all things
Beneath him, and hath learned this book
of man,
Full of the notes of frailty, and compared
The best of glory with her sufferings
By whom, I see you labour, all you can,
To plant your heart, and set your thoughts
as near
His glorious mansion, as your powers can
bear

Which, madam, are so soundly fashioned
By that clear judgment, that hath carried
you
Beyond the feeble limits of your kind,
As they can stand against the strongest
head
Passion can make, inured to any hue
The world can cast, that cannot cast that
mind

COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND

Out of her form of goodness, that doth
see

Both what the best and worst of earth
can be

Which makes, that whatsoever here
befals,

You in the region of yourself remain
Where no vain breath of the impudent
molests,

That hath secured within the brazen walls
Of a clear conscience, that without all
stain

Rises in peace, in innocency rests,
Whilst all what malice from without pro-
cures,

Shows her own ugly heart, but hurts not
yours

And whereas none rejoice more in re-
venge

Than women use to do, yet you well know,
That wrong is better checked by being
contemned,

Than being pursued, leaving to him to
avenge,

To whom it appertains Wherein you
show,

How worthy your clearness had con-
demned

EPISTLE TO LADY MARGARET

Base malediction, living in the dark,
That at the rays of goodness still doth
bark

Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The centre of his world, about the which
These revolutions of disturbances
Still roll, where all the aspects of misery
Predominate, whose strong effects are such,
As he must bear, being powerless to re-
dress

And that unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!

And how turmoiled they are that level lie
With earth, and cannot lift themselves
from thence,

That never are at peace with their desires,
But work beyond their years, and even
deny

Dotage her rest, and hardly will dispense
With death That when ability expires,
Desire lives still so much delight they
have,

To carry toil and travail to the grave

Whose ends you see, and what can be
the best

They reach unto, when they have cast the
sum

COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND

And reckonings of their glory And you
 know,
This fleeting life hath but this port of
 rest,
A heart prepared, that fears no ill to
 come,
And that man's greatness rests but in his
 show,
The best of all whose days consumed are,
Either in war, or peace conceiving war

 This concord, madam, of a well-tuned
 mind
Hath been so set by that all-working hand
Of heaven, that though the world hath
 done his worst
To put it out by discords most unkind,
Yet doth it still in perfect union stand
With God and man, nor ever will be forced
From that most sweet accord, but still
 agree,
Equal in fortune's inequality

 And this note, madam, of your worthi-
 ness
Remains recorded in so many hearts,
As time nor malice cannot wrong your
 right,
In the inheritance of fame you must
 possess

BALLAD OF AGINCOURT

Which in his height of pride
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
 To the king sending,
Which he neglects the while
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile
 Their fall portending

And turning to his men
Quoth our brave Henry then
"Though they to one be ten,
 Be not amazed
Yet have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
 By fame been raised

"And for myself (quoth he)
This my full rest shall be,
England ne'er mourn for me
 Nor more esteem me
Victor I will remain
Or on this earth lie slain,
Never shall she sustain
 Loss to redeem me

"Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,

BALLAD OF AGINCOURT

Under our swords they fell
 No less our skill is
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
 Lopped the French Lilies "

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vaward led,
With the main Henry sped
 Amongst his henchmen,
Exeter had the rear,
A braver man not there,
O Lord, how hot they were
 On the false Frenchmen !

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone,
Drum now to drum did groan
 To hear was wonder
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
 Thunder to thunder

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which did'st the signal aim
 To our hid forces,

To the Virginian Voyage



You brave heroic minds,
Worthy your country's name,
That honour still pursue,
Go and subdue,
Whilst loitering hinds
Lurk here at home with shame

Britons, you stay too long,
Quickly aboard bestow you,
And with a merry gale
Swell your stretched sail,
With vows as strong
As the winds that blow you

Your course securely steer,
West and by south forth keep,
Rocks, lee-shores, nor shoals,
When Eolus scowls,
You need not fear,
So absolute the deep

And cheerfully at sea
Success you still entice

TO THE VIRGINIAN VOYAGE

To get the pearl and gold,
And ours to hold
Virginia,
Earth's only Paradise

When nature hath in store
Fowl, venison, and fish,
And the fruitful'st soil,
Without your toil,
Three harvests more,
All greater than you wish

And the ambitious vine
Crowns with his purple mass
The cedar reaching high
To kiss the sky,
The cypress, pine,
And useful sassafras

To whom the golden age
Still nature's laws doth give,
No other cares attend
But them to defend
From winter's rage,
That long there doth not live

When as the luscious smell
Of that delicious land,
Above the seas that flows,
The clear wind throws

TO THE VIRGINIAN VOYAGE

Your hearts to swell
Approaching the dear strand,

In kenning of the shore
(Thanks to God first given),
O you, the happiest men,
Be frolic then,
Let cannons roar,
Frighting the wide heaven

And in regions far,
Such heroes bring ye forth,
As those from whom we came
And plant our name
Under that star
Not known unto our North

And as there plenty grows
Of laurel everywhere,
Apollo's sacred tree,
You it may see,
A poet's brows
To crown, that may sing there

Thy voyages attend
Industrious Hackluit,
Whose reading shall inflame
Men to seek fame,
And much commend
To after-times thy wit

To Cupid



Maidens, why spare ye?
Or whether not dare ye
Correct the blind shooter?
Because wanton Venus,
So oft that doth pain us,
Is her son's tutor¹

Now in the Spring
He proveth his wing,
The field is his bower,
And as the small bee,
About flyeth he
From flower to flower

And wantonly roves
Abroad in the groves,
And in the air hovers,
Which when it him deweth,
His feathers he meweth
In sighs of true lovers

And since doomed by Fate
(That well knew his hate)
That he should be blind,

TO CUPID

For very despite,
Our eyes be his white,
So wayward his kind

If his shafts losing
(Ill his mark choosing)
Or his bow broken,
The moan Venus maketh,
And care that she taketh,
Cannot be spoken.

To Vulcan commending
Her love, and straight sending
Her doves and her sparrows,
With kisses, unto him,
And all but to woo him
To make her son arrows

Telling what he hath done,
Saith she, "Right mine own son
In her arms him she closes,
Sweets on him firs,
Laid in down of her swans,
His sheets, leaves of roses

And feeds him with kisses,
Which oft when he misses
He ever is froward
The mother's o'erjoying
Makes by much coying
The child so untoward

TO CUPID

Yet in a fine net,
That a spider set,
 The maidens had caught him,
Had she not been near him,
And chanced to hear him,
 More good they had taught him

To his
Coy Love



A CANZONET

I pray thee, leave, love me no more,
Call home the heart you gave me,
I but in vain that saint adore,
That can, but will not save me
These poor half kisses kill me quite,
Was ever man thus served?
Amidst an ocean of delight,
For pleasure to be starved

Show me no more those snowy breasts
With azure riverets branched,
Where whilst mine eye with plenty feasts,
Yet is my thirst not stanch'd
O Tantalus, thy pains ne'er tell,
By me thou art prevented,
'Tis nothing to be plagued in hell,
But thus in heaven tormented

TO HIS COY LOVE

1. Clp me no more in those dear arms,
Nor thy life's comfort call me,
O, these are but too poweriul charms,
And do but more enthrall me
But see how patient I am grown,
In all this coil about thee,
Come, nice thing, let thy heart alone,
I cannot live without thee

To his Rival



Her loved I most,
By thee that's lost,
Though she were won with leisure,
She was my gain,
But to my pain
Thou spoil'st me of my treasure

The ship full fraught
With gold, far sought,
Though ne'er so wisely helmed,
May suffer wrack
In sailing back
By tempest overwhelmed

But she, good sir,
Did not prefer
You, for that I was ranging,
But for that she
Found faith in me,
And she loved to be changing

Therefore boast not
Your happy lot,
Be silent now you have her,

TO HIS RIVAL

The time I knew
She slighted you,
When I was in her favour

None stands so fast
But may be cast
By fortune, and disgraced
Once did I wear
Her garter there
Where you her glove have placed

I had the vow
That thou hast now
And glances to discover
Her love to me,
And she to thee
Reads but old lessons over

She hath no smile
That can beguile,
But as my thought I know it,
Yea, to a hair,
Both when and where
And how she will bestow it

What now is thine
Was only mine,
And first to me was given,
Thou laugh'st at me,
I laugh at thee,
And thus we two are even

FLORIMEL'S DITTY

It is a pretty thing to see
How finely beauty cheats us,
And whilst with time we trifling stand
To practise antique graces,
Age with a pale and withered hand
Draws furrows in our faces

Daffodil



FROM THE
NINTH ECLOGUE

Batte

Gorbo, as thou comest this way,
By yonder little hill,
Or as thou through the fields did stray,
Saw'st thou my Daffodil?

She's in a frock of Lincoln green,
Which colour likes her sight,
And never hath her beauty seen,
But through a veil of white,

Than roses richer to behold,
That trim up lovers' bowers,
The pansy and the marigold,
Though Phœbus' paramours

Gorbo

Thou well describ'st the daffodil,
It is not full an hour,
Since by the spring, near yonder hill,
I saw that lovely flower

DAFFODIL

Batte

Yet my fair flower thou didst not meet
Nor news of her didst bring,
And yet my Daffodil's more sweet
Than that by yonder spring

Gorbo

I saw a shepherd that doth keep
In yonder field of lilies,
Was making (as he fed his sheep)
A wreath of daffodillies

Batte

Yet, Gorbo, thou delud'st me still,
My flower thou didst not see,
For, know, my pretty Daffodil
Is worn of none but me

To show itself but near her feet
No lily is so bold,
Except to shade her from the heat,
Or keep her from the cold

Gorbo

Through yonder vale as I did pass,
Descending from the hill,
I met a smirking bonny lass,
They call her Daffodil

DAFFODIL

Whose presence, as along she went,
The pretty flowers did greet,
As though their heads they downward
bent
With homage to her feet

And all the shepherds that were nigh,
From top of every hill,
Unto the valleys loud did cry,
There goes sweet Daffodil

Batte

Ay, gentle shepherd, now with joy
Thou all my flocks dost fill,
That's she alone, kind shepherd boy,
Let us to Daffodil

The Ballad of Dowsabel

FROM THE
FOURTH ECLOGUE

Far in the country of Arden,
There wonned a knight, hight Cassamen,
As bold as Isenbras
Fell was he and eager bent,
In battle and in tournament,
As was the good Sir Topas

He had, as antique stories tell,
A daughter cleped Dowsabel,
A maiden fair and free
And for she was her father's heir,
Full well she was yconned the leir
Of mickle courtesy.

The silk well couth she twist and twine,
And make the fine march-pine,
And with the needle work
And she couth help the priest to say
His matins on a holday,
And sing a psalm in kirk

THE BALLAD OF DOWSABEL

She wore a frock of frolic green,
Might well become a maiden queen,
Which seemly was to see
A hood to that so neat and fine,
In colour like the columbine,
Ywrought full featously

Her features all as fresh above,
As is the grass that grows by Dove,
And lythe as lass of Kent
Her skin as soft as Lemster wool,
As white as snow on Peakish Hull,
Or swan that swims in Trent

This maiden in a morn betime,
Went forth when May was in the prime,
To get sweet setywall,
The honey-suckle, the harlock,
The lily, and the lady-smock,
To deck her summer hall

Thus as she wandered here and there,
And picked of the bloomy briar,
She chanced to espy
A shepherd sitting on a bank,
Like chanticleer he crowed crank,
And piped full merrily

He learned his sheep, as he him list,
When he would whistle in his fist,

THE BALLAD OF DOWSABEL

To feed about him round,
Whilst he full many a carol sang,
Until the fields and meadows rang,
And that the woods did sound

In favour this same shepherd swain
Was like the bedlam Tamberlane,
Which held proud kings in awe
But meek as any lamb mought be,
And innocent of ill as he
•Whom his lewd brother slaw

This shepherd wore a sheep-gray cloak,
Which was of the finest loke
That could be cut with sheer
His mittons were of bauzons' skin,
His cockers were of cordiwin,
His hood of miniver *

His awl and lingel in a thong,
His tar-box on his broad belt hung,
His breech of Cointree blue,
Full crisp and curled were his locks,
His brows as white as Albion rocks,
So like a lover true

And piping still he spent the day,
So merry as the popinjay,
Which liked Dowsabel,

THE BALLAD OF DOWSABEL

That would she ought, or would she
nought,
This lad would never from her thought,
She in love-longing fell

At length she tucked up her frock,
White as a lily was her smock,
She drew the shepherd nigh
But then the shepherd piped a good,
That all his sheep forsook their food,
To hear his melody

"Thy sheep," quoth she, "cannot be lean,
That have a jolly shepherd swain,
The which can pipe so well "
"Yea, but," saith he, "their shepherd
may,
If piping thus he pine away,
In love of Dowsabel "

"Of love, fond boy, take thou no kee
Quoth she, "look well unto thy shee
Lest they should hap to stray "
Quoth he, "So had I done full well,
Had I not seen fair Dowsabel
Come forth to gather May "

With that she 'gan to vail her head,
Her cheeks were like the roses red,
But not a word she said,

THE BALLAD OF DOWSABEL

With that the shepherd 'gan to frown,
He threw his pretty pipes adown,
And on the ground him laid

Saith she, "I may not stay till night,
And leave my summer hall undight,
And all for love of thee "

"My cote," saith he, "nor yet my fold,
Shall neither sheep nor shepherd hold,
Except thou favour me "

Saith she, "Yet liever I were dead,
Than I should lose my maidenhead,
And all for love of men "

Saith he, "Yet are you too unkind,
If in your heart you cannot find
To love us now and then

"And I to thee will be as kind,
As Colin was to Rosalind,
Of courtesy the flower "

"Then will I be as true," quoth she,
"As ever maiden yet might be,
Unto her paramour "

With that she bent her snow-white knee,
Down by the shepherd kneeled she,
And him she sweetly kissed
With that the shepherd whooped for joy
Quoth he, "There's never shepherd's boy
That ever was so blist "

THE FAY'S MARRIAGE

Clara

Believe me, girl, this will be fine,
And, to this pendent, then take mine
A cup in fashion of a fly,
Of the lynx's piercing eye,
Wherein there sticks a sunny ray,
Shot in through the clearest day,
Whose brightness Venus' self did move
Therein to put her drink of love,
Which for more strength she did distil,
The limbeck was a phoenix' quill,
At this cup's delicious brink,
A fly approaching but to drink,
Like amber, or some precious gum,
It transparent doth become

Cloris

For jewels for her ears she's sped,
But for a dressing for her head
I think for her I'll have a tire
That all Fairies shall admire
The yellows in the full-blown rose,
Which in the top it doth inclose,
Like drops of gold ore shall be hung
Upon her tresses, and among
Those scattered seeds (the eye to please)
The wings of the cantharides
With some o' the rainbow that doth rail
Those moons in, in the peacock's tail

THE FAY'S MARRIAGE

Whose dainty colours being mixed
With the other beauties, and so fixed,
Her lovely tresses shall appear
As though upon a flame they were
And, to be sure she shall be gay,
We'll take those feathers from the jay,
About her eyes in circlets set,
To be our Tita's coronet

Mertilla

Then, dainty girls, I make no doubt,
But we shall neatly send her out
But let's amongst ourselves agree
Of what her wedding gown shall be

Clara

Of pansy, pink, and primrose leaves,
Most curiously laid on in threaves
And, all embroidery to supply,
Powdered with flowers of rosemary,
A trail about the skirt shall run,
The silk-worm's finest, newly spun
And every seam the nymphs shall sew
With the smallest of the spinner's clue
And having done their work, again
These to the church shall bear her train
Which for our Tita we will make
Of the cast slough of a snake,
Which, quivering as the wind doth blow,
The sun shall it like tinsel show

THE FAY'S MARRIAGE

Mertilla

Thus far we handsomely have gone,
Now for our prothalamion,
Or marriage song, of all the rest
A thing that much must grace our feast
Let us practise, then, to sing it
Ere we before the assembly bring it,
We in dialogue must do it,
Then, my dainty girls, set to it

Clara

This day must Tita married be,
Come, nymphs, this nuptial let us see

Mertilla

But is it certain that ye say?
Will she wed the noble Fay?

Cloris

Sprinkle the dainty flowers with dews,
Such as the gods at banquets use
Let herbs, and weeds turn all to roses,
And make proud the posts with posies
Shoot your sweets into the air,
Charge the morning to be fair

Clara and Mertilla

For our Tita is this day
To be married to a Fay

THE FAY'S MARRIAGE

Clara

By whom, then, shall our bride be led
To the temple to be wed?

Mertilla

Only by yourself and I,
Who that roomth should else supply?

Cloris

• Come, bright girls, come all together,
And bring all your offerings hither,
Ye most brave and buxom bevy,
All your goodly graces levy,
Come in majesty and state
Our bridal here to celebrate

Mertilla and Clara

For our Tita is this day
Married to a noble Fay

Clara

Whose lot will't be the way to strow,
On which to church our bride must go?

Mertilla

That I think as fit'st of all
To lively Lelipa must fall

THE FAY'S MARRIAGE

Mertilla

The gods this feast, as to begin,
Have sent of their ambrosia in

Cloris

Then serve we up the straw's rich berry,
The respas, and Elysian cherry,
The virgin honey from the flowers
In Hybla, wrought in Flora's bowers,
Full bowls of nectar, and no girl
Carouse but in dissolved pearl

Mertilla and Claira

For our Tita is this day
Married to a noble Fay

Claira

But when night comes, and she must go
To bed, dear nymphs, what must we do?

Mertilla

In the posset must be brought,
And points be from the bridegroom
caught

Cloris

In masks, in dances, and delight,
And rare binquets spend the night,

THE FAY'S MARRIAGE

Then about the room we ramble,
Scatter nuts, and for them scramble,
Over stools and tables tumble,
Never think of noise nor rumble

Mertilla and Clara

For our Titia is this day
Married to a noble Fay

Nymphidia

THE COURT OF FAIRY

Old Chaucer doth of Topas tell,
Mad Rabelais of Pantagrue,
A later third of Dowsabel,
With such poor trifles playing,
Others the like have laboured at,
Some of 't^hing and some of that,
And many *Men* know not what,
But *tata* is this day
noble Fay

Another sort
Be talking of *Clara*
Nor never can *comes*, and she mu'
As they were *is*, what must we *like*,
No tales of them *th*
So much delight the *va*
And some strange things *a* would
make,
Knew they the way to *do* them

Then since no Muse hath been so bold,
Or of the later, or the old,
Those elvish secrets to unfold,
Which lie from others' reading,

NYMPHIDIA

My active Muse to light shall bring
The Court of that proud Fairy King,
And tell there of the revelling
Jove prosper my proceeding!

And thou, Nymphidia, gentle Fay,
Which, meeting me upon the way,
These secrets didst to me bewray,
Which now I am in telling,
My pretty, light, fantastic mud,
I here invoke thee to my aid,
That I may speak what thou hast said,
In numbers smoothly swelling

This palace standeth in the air,
By necromancy placed there,
That it no tempests needs to fear,
Which way so'er it blow it,
And somewhat southward toward the noon,
Whence lies a way up to the moon,
And thence the Fairy can as soon
Pass to the earth below it

The walls of spiders' legs are made
Well mortised and finely luid,
He was the master of his trade
It curiously that builded,
The windows of the eyes of cats,
And for the roof, instead of slats,
Is covered with the skins of bats,
With moonshine that are gilded

NYMPHIDIA

Hence Oberon him sport to make,
Their rest when weary mortals take,
And none but only fairies wake,
 Descendeth for his pleasure,
And Mab, his merry Queen, by night
Bestrides young folks that lie upright
(In elder times, the mare that hight),
 Which plagues them out of measure

Hence shadows, seeming idle shapes,
Of little frisking elves and apes
To earth do make their wanton scapes,
 As hope of pastime hastes them,
Which maids think on the hearth they see
When fires well-near consumed be,
There dancing hays by two and three,
 Just as their fancy casts them

These make our girls their sluttary rue,
By pinching them both black and blue,
And put a penny in their shoe

 The house for cleanly sweeping,
And in their courses make that round
In meadows and in marshes found,
Of them so called the Fairy Ground,
 Of which they have the keeping

These when a child haps to be got
Which after proves an idiot
When folk perceive it thriveth not,
 The fault therein to smother,

NYMPHIDIA

Some silly, doting, brainless call
That understands things by the half,
Say that the Fairy left this aulfe
And took away the other

But listen, and I shall you tell
A chance in Fairy that befell,
Which certainly may please some well
In love and arms delighting,
Of Oberon that jealous grew /
Of one of his own Fairy crew,
Too well, he feared, his Queen that knew,
His love but ill requiting

Pigwiggan was this Fairy Knight,
One wondrous gracious in the sight
Of fair Queen Mab, which day and night
He amorously observed,
Which made King Oberon suspect
His service took too good effect,
His sauciness and often checkt,
And could have wished him starved

Pigwiggan gladly would commend
Some token to Queen Mab to send,
If sea or land could ought him lend
Were worthy of her wearing,
At length this lover doth devise
A bracelet made of emmets' eyes,
A thing he thought that she would prize,
No whit her state impairing

NYMPHIDIA

And to the Queen a letter writes,
Which he most curiously indites,
Conjuring her by all the rites

Of love, she would be pleased
To meet him, her true servant, where
They might, without suspect or fear,
Themselves to one another clear

And have their poor hearts eased

“At midnight the appointed hour,
And for the Queen a fitting bower,”
Quoth he, “is that fair cowslip flower

On Hipcut hill that bloweth
In all your train there's not a fay
That ever went to gather may
But she hath made it, in her way,
The tallest there that groweth ”

When by Tom Thumb, a Fairy Page,
He sent it, and doth him engage
By promise of a mighty wage

It secretly to carry,
Which done, the Queen her maids doth call,
And bids them to be ready all
She would go see her summer hall,
She could no longer tarry

Her chariot ready straight is made,
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be stayed,
For nought must her be letting,

NYMPHIDIA

Four nimble gnats the horses were,
Their harnesses of gossamer,
Fly Cranion her charioteer
 Upon the coach-box getting

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colours did excel,
The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
 So lively was the limning,
The seat the soft wool of the bee,
The cover, gallantly to see,
The wing of a pied butterfly,
 I trow 'twas simple trimming

The wheels composed of crickets' bones,
And daintily made for the nonce,
For fear of rattling on the stones
 With thistle-down they shod it,
For all her maidens much did fear
If Oberon had chanced to hear
That Mab his Queen should have been there,
 He would not have abode it

She mounts her chariot with a trice,
Nor would she stay, for no advice,
Until her maids that were so nice
 To wait on her were fitted,
But ran herself away alone,
Which when they heard, there was not one
But hasted after to be gone,
 As she had been diswitted

NYMPHIDIA

Hop and Mop and Drop so clear,
Pip and Trip and Skip that were
To Mab, their sovereign, ever dear,
 Her special maids of honour,
Fib and Tib and Pink and Pin,
Tick and Quick and Jill and Jin,
Tit and Nit and Wap and Win,
 The train that wait upon her

Upon a grasshopper they got
And, what with amble and with trot,
For hedge nor ditch they spared not,
 But after her they hie them,
A cobweb over them they throw,
To shield the wind if it should blow,
Themselves they wisely could bestow
 Lest any should espy them

But let us leave Queen Mab awhile
(Through many a gate, o'er many a stile,
That now had gotten by this wile),
 Her dear Pigwigen kissing,
And tell how Oberon doth fare,
Who grew as mad as any hare
When he had sought each place with care
 And found his Queen was missing

By grisly Pluto he doth swear,
He rent his clothes and tore his hair,
And as he runneth here and there
 An acorn cup he greeteth,

NYMPHIDIA

Which soon he taketh by the stalk,
About his head he lets it walk,
Nor doth he any creature balk,
But lays on all he meeteth

The Tuscan poet doth advance
The frantic Paladin of France,
And those more ancient do enhance
Alcides in his fury,
And others Ajax Telamon,
But to this time there hath been none
So bedlam as our Oberon,
Of which I dare assure ye

And first encountering with a Wasp,
He in his arms the fly doth clasp
As though his breath he forth would
grasp,
Him for Pigwiggen taking
"Where is my wife, thou rogue?" quoth
he,
"Pigwiggen, she is come to thee,
Restore her, or thou diest by me!"
Whereat the poor Wasp quaking,

Cries, "Oberon, great Fairy King,
Content thee, I am no such thing
I am a Wasp, behold my sting!"
At which the Fairy started,

NYMPHIDIA

And falling down into a lake,
Which him up to the neck doth take,
His fury somewhat it doth slake,
 He calleth for a ferry,
Where you may some recovery note,
What was his club he made his boat,
And in his oaken cup doth float,
 As safe as in a wherry

Men talk of the adventures strange
Of Don Quishott, and of their change,
Through which he armed olt did range,
 Of Sancha Pancha's travel,
But should a man tell everything
Done by this frantic Fairy King,
And then in lofty numbers sing,
 It well his wits might gravel

Scarce set on shore, but therewithal
He meeteth Puck, which most men call
Hobgoblin, and on him doth fall
 With words from frenzy spoken
"Ho, ho," quoth Hob, "God save thy
 grace!"
Who drest thee in this piteous case?
He thus that spoiled my sovereign's face
 I would his neck were broken!"

This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,
Still walking like a ragged colt,

NYMPHIDIA

And oft out of a bush doth bolt,
Of purpose to deceive us,
And leading us makes us to stray,
Long winter's nights, out of the way,
And when we stick in mire and clay,
Hob doth with laughter leave us

"Dear Puck," quoth he, "my wife is
gone

As e'er thou lov'st King Oberon,
Let everything but this alone,
With vengeance and pursue her,
Bring her to me alive or dead,
Or that vile thief Pigwiggen's head,
That villain hath defiled my bed,
He to this folly drew her "

Quoth Puck, "My liege, I'll never lin,
But I will thorough thick and thin,
Until at length I bring her in,

My dearest lord, neer doubt it
Thorough brake, thorough briar,
Thorough muck, thorough mire,
Thorough water, thorough fire,
And thus goes Puck about it "

This thing Nymphidia overheard,
That on this mad king had a guard,
Not doubting of a great reward
For first this business broaching,

NYMPHIDIA

Nor need ye be together heapt,"
So one by one therein they crept,
And lying down they soundly slept,
And safe as in a castle

Nymphidia, that this while doth watch,
Perceived if Puck the Queen should catch
That he should be her over-match,
Of which she well bethought her,
Found it must be some powerful charm,
The Queen against him that must arm,
Or surely he would do her harm,
For throughly he had sought her

And listening if she aught could hear,
That her might hinder, or might fear,
But finding still the coast was clear,

Nor creature had descried her,
Each circumstance and having scanned,
She came thereby to understand,
Puck would be with them out of hand,
When to her charms she hied her

And first her fern-seed doth bestow,
The kernel of the mistletoe,
And here and there as Puck should go,

With terror to affright him,
She nightshade straws to work him ill,
Therewith her vervain and her dill,
That hindereth witches of their will,
Of purpose to despite him

NYMPHIDIA

Then sprinkles she the juice of rue,
That groweth underneath the yew,
With nine drops of the midnight dew,
From lunary distilling
The molewarp's brain mixed therewithal,
And with the same the pismire's gall
For she in nothing short would fall,
The Fairy was so willing

Then thrice under a briar doth creep,
Which at both ends was rooted deep,
And over it three times she leap,
Her magic much availing
Then on Proserpina doth call,
And so upon her spell doth fall,
Which here to you repeat I shall,
Not in one tittle failing

“By the croaking of the frog,
By the howling of the dog,
By the crying of the hog
Against the storm arising,
By the evening curfew bell,
By the doleful dying knell,
O let this my direful spell,
Hob, hunder thy surprising!

“By the mandrake's dreadful groans,
By the lubrican's sad moans,
By the noise of dead men's bones
In charnel-houses rattling,

NYMPHIDIA

By the hissing of the snake,
The rustling of the fire-drake,
I charge thee thou this place forsake,
Nor of Queen Mab be prattling!

“By the whirlwind’s hollow sound,
By the thunder’s dreadful stound,
Yells of spirits underground,
I charge thee not to fear us,
By the screech-owl’s dismal note,
By the black night-raven’s throat,
I charge thee, Hob, to tear thy coat
With thorns, if thou come near us!”

Her spell thus spoke, she stept aside,
And in a chink herself doth hide,
To see thereof what would betide,
For she doth only mind him
When presently she Puck espies,
And well she marked his gloating eyes,
How under every leaf he pries,
In seeking still to find them

But once the circle got within,
The charms to work do straight begin,
And he was caught as in a gin,
For as he thus was busy,
A pain he in his head-piece feels,
Against a stubbed tree he reels,
And up went poor Hobgoblin’s heels,
Alas! his brain was dizzy!

NYMPHIDIA

At length upon his feet he gets,
Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets,
And as again he forward sets,
 And through the bushes scrambles,
A stump doth trip him in his pace,
Down comes poor Hob upon his face,
And lamentably tore his case,
 Amongst the briars and brambles

“A plague upon Queen Mab!” quoth he,
“And all her mads where’er they be
I think the devil guided me,
 To seek her so provoked!”

When stumbling at a piece of wood,
He fell into a ditch of mud,
Where to the very chin he stood,
 In danger to be choked

Now worse than e'er he was before,
Poor Puck doth yell, poor Puck doth roar,
That waked Queen Mab, who doubted sore
 Some treason had been wrought her
Until Nymphidia told the Queen,
What she had done, what she had seen,
Who then had well-near cracked her spleen
 With very extreme laughter

But leave we Hob to clamber out,
Queen Mab and all her Fairy rout,
And come again to have a bout
 With Oberon yet madding

NIMPHIDIA

And with Pigwiggan now distraught,
Who much was troubled in his thought,
That he so long the Queen had sought,
And through the fields was gadding

And as he runs he still doth cry,
"King Oberon I thee defy,
And dare thee here in arms to try,
For my dear lady's honour
For that she is a Queen right good,
In whose defence I'll shed my blood, ~
And that thou in this jealous mood
Hast laid this slander on her "

And quickly arms him for the field,
A little cockle-shell his shield,
Which he could very bravely wield,
Yet could it not be pierced
His spear a bent both stiff and strong,
And well-near of two inches long
The pile was of a horse-fly's tongue,
Whose sharpness nought reversed

And puts him on a coat of mail,
Which was of a fish's scale,
That when his toe should him assail,
No point should be prevailing
His rapier was a hornet's sting,
It was a very dangerous thing,
For if he chanced to hurt the King,
It would be long in healing

NYMPHIDIA

His helmet was a beetle's head,
Most horrible and full of dread,
That able was to strike one dead,
 Yet did it well become him,
And for a plume a horse's hair
Which, being tossed with the air,
Had force to strike his foe with fear,
 And turn his weapon from him

Himself he on an earwig set,
Yet scarce he on his back could get,
Soft and high he did curvet,
 Ere he himself could settle
He made him turn, and stop, and bound,
To gallop and to trot the round,
He scarce could stand on any ground,
 He was so full of mettle

When soon he met with Tomalin,
One that a valiant knight had been,
And to King Oberon of kin,
 Quoth he, "Thou manly Fairy,
Tell Oberon I come prepared,
Then bid him stand upon his guard,
This hand his baseness shall reward,
 Let him be ne'er so wary

"Sav to him thus, that I defy
His slanders and his infamy,
And as a mortal enemy
 Do publicly proclaim him

NYMPHIDIA

Withal that if I had mine own,
He should not wear the Fairy crown,
But with a vengeance should come down,
Nor we a king should name him "

This Tomalin could not abide
To hear his sovereign vilified,
But to the Fairy Court him hied
 (Full furiously he posted),
With everything Pigwiggen said
How title to the crown he laid,
And in what arms he was arrayed, ~
 As how himself he boasted

'Twixt head and foot, from point to point,
He told the arming of each joint,
In every piece how neat and quaint,
 For Tomalin could do it
How fair he sat, how sure he rid,
As of the courser he bestrid,
How managed, and how well he did,
 The King which listened to it,

Quoth he, "Go, Tomalin, with speed,
Provide me arms, provide my steed,
And everything that I shall need,
 By thee I will be guided,
To straight account call thou thy wit,
See there be wanting not a whit,
In everything see thou me fit,
 Just as my foe's provided "

NYMPHIDIA

Soon flew this news through Fairy-land,
Which gave Queen Mab to understand
The combat that was then in hand

 Betwixt those men so mighty
Which greatly she began to rue,
Perceiving that all Fairy knew,
The first occasion from her grew
 Of these affairs so weighty

Wherefore attended with her maids,
Through fogs, and mists, and damps she
 wades,

To Proserpine the Queen of Shades,
 To treat, that it would please her
The cause into her hands to take,
For ancient love and friendship's sake,
And soon thereof an end to make,
 Which of much care would ease her

A while there let we Mab alone,
And come we to King Oberon,
Who, armed to meet his foe, is gone,
 For proud Pigwiggen crying
Who sought the Fairy King as fast,
And had so well his journeys cast,
That he arrived at the last,
 His puissant foe espying

Stout Tomalin came with the King,
Tom Thumb doth on Pigwiggen bring,

NYMPHIDIA

That perfect were in everything
 To single fights belonging
And therefore they themselves engage
To see them exercise their rage
With fair and comely equipage,
 Not one the other wronging

So like in arms these champions were,
As they had been a very pair,
So that a man would almost swear
 That either had been either,
Their furious steeds began to neigh,
That they were heard a mighty way,
Their staves upon their rests they lay,
 Yet, ere they flew together,

Their seconds minister an oath,
Which was indifferent to them both,
That on their knightly faith and troth
 No magic them supplied,
And sought them that they had no charms
Wherewith to work each other's harms,
But came with simple open arms
 To have their causes tried

Together furiously they ran,
That to the ground came horse and man,
The blood out of their helmets span,
 So sharp were their encounters,

NYMPHIDIA

And though they to the earth were thrown,
Yet quickly they regained their own,
Such nimbleness was never shown,
They were two gallant mounters

When in a second course again,
They forward came with might and main,
Yet which had better of the twain,
The seconds could not judge yet,
Their shields were into pieces cleft,
Their helmets from their heads were reft,
And to defend them nothing left,
These champions would not budge yet

Away from them their staves they threw,
Their cruel swords they quickly drew,
And freshly they the fight renew,
They every stroke redoubled,
Which made Proserpina take heed,
And make to them the greater speed,
For fear lest they too much should bleed,
Which wondrously her troubled

When to the infernal Styx she goes,
She takes the fogs from thence that rose,
And in a bag doth them enclose,
When well she had them blended
She hies her then to Lethe spring,
A bottle and thereof doth bring,
Wherewith she meant to work the thing
Which only she intended

NYMPHIDIA

Queen Mab and her light maids, the while,
Amongst themselves do closely smile,
To see the King caught with this wile,
 With one another jesting
And to the Fairy Court they went
With mickle joy and merriment,
Which thing was done with good intent,
 And thus I left them feasting

Ideas



SONNET 6

How many paltry foolish painted things,
That now in coaches trouble every street,
Shall be forgotten, whom no poet sings,
Ere they be well wrapp'd in their winding
sheet!

Where I to thee eternity shall give,
When nothing else remaineth of these
days,

And queens hereafter shall be glad to live
Upon the alms of thy superfluous praise
Virgins and matrons, reading these my
rhymes,

Shall be so much delighted with thy story,
That they shall grieve they lived not in
these times,

To have seen thee, their sex's only glory
So shalt thou fly above the vulgar
throng,
Still to survive in my immortal song

Sonnet II



Your're not alone when you are still
alone
O God, from you that I could private be!
Since you one were, I never since was
one,
Since you in me, my self since out of me,
Transported from my self into your being,
Though either distant, present yet to
either,
Senseless with too much joy, each other
seeing,
And only absent when we are together
Give me myself, and take yourself again,
Devise some means but how I may for-
sake you,
So much is mine that doth with you re-
main,
That taking what is mine, with me I
take you
You do bewitch me O that I could fly
From my self you, or from your own
self I!

Sonnet 20



An evil spirit, your beauty, haunts me
still,

Wherewith, alas, I have been long pos-
-sessed,

Which ceaseth not to tempt me to each ill,
Nor give me once but one poor minute's
rest

In me it speaks, whether I sleep or wake,
And when by means to drive it out I try,
With greater torments then it me doth
take,

And tortures me in most extremity
Before my face it lays down my despairs,
And hastes me on unto a sudden death,
Now tempting me to drown myself in
tears,

• And then in sighing to give up my breath
Thus am I still provoked to every evil,
By this good wicked spirit, sweet angel
devil

Sonnet 34

Marvel not, Love, though I thy power
admire,

Ravished a world beyond the farthest
thought,

And knowing more than ever hath been
taught,

That I am only starved in my desire

Marvel not, Love, though I thy power
admire,

Aiming at things exceeding all perfection,

To wisdom's self to minister direction,

That I am only starved in my desire

Marvel not, Love, though I thy power
admire,

Though my conceit I further seem to bend

Than possibly invention can extend,

And yet am only starved in my desire

If thou wilt wonder, here's the wonder,
Love,

That thus to me doth yet no wonder
prove

Sonnet 37



Dear, why should you command me to
my rest,

When now the night doth summon all to
sleep?

Methinks this time becometh lovers best,
Night was ordained, together friends to
keep

How happy are all other living things,
Which though the day disjoin by several
flight,

The quiet evening yet together brings,
And each returns unto his love at night
O thou that art so courteous else to all,
Why shouldst thou, Night, abuse me only
thus,

That every creature to his kind dost call,
And yet 'tis thou dost only sever us?

Well could I wish it would be ever day,
If, when night comes, you bid me go
away

Sonnet 43



Why should your fair eyes, with such
sovereign grace,
Disperse their rays on every vulgar spirit,
Whilst I in darkness, in the self-same
place,
Get not one glance to recompense my
merit?
So doth the plowman gaze the wandering
star,
And only rest contented with the light,
That never learned what constellations are,
Beyond the bent of his unknowing sight
O why should beauty, custom to obey,
To their gross sense apply herself so ill?
Would God I were as ignorant as they,
When I am made unhappy by my skill!
Only compelled on this poor good to
boast,
Heavens are not kind to them that know
them most

Sonnet 44



Whilst thus my pen strives to eternize thee,
Age rules my lines with wrinkles in my
face,

Where, in the map of all my misery,
Is modelled out the world of my disgrace
Whilst in despite of tyrannizing times,
Medea like, I make thee young again,
Proudly thou scorn'st my world-outwearing
rhymes,

And murderest virtue with thy coy disdain
And though in youth my youth untimely
perish,

To keep thee from oblivion and the grave,
Ensuing ages yet my rhymes shall cherish,
Where I entombed my better part shall
save,

And though this earthly body fade and
die,

My name shall mount upon eternity

Sonnet 47



In pride of wit, when high desire of fame
Gave life and courage to my labouring
pen,
And first the sound and virtue of my
name
Won grace and credit in the ears of men,
With those, the thronged theatres that
press,
I in the circuit for the laurel strove,
Where the full praise, I freely must confess,
In heat of blood, a modest mind might
move
With shouts and claps at every little
pause,
When the proud round on every side hath
rung,
Sadly I sit, unmoved with the applause,
As though to me it nothing did belong
No public glory vainly I pursue,
All that I seek is to eternize you

Sonnet 49



Thou leaden brain, which censur'st what
 I write,
 And sayst my lines be dull, and do not
 move,
 I marvel not thou feelst not my delight,
 Which never felt'st my fiery touch of love
 But thou, whose pen hath like a pack-
 horse served,
 Whose stomach unto gall hath turned thy
 food,
 Whose senses, like poor prisoners, hunger-
 starved,
 Whose grief hath parched thy body, dried
 thy blood
 Thou which hast scorned life, and hated
 death,
 And, in a moment, mad, sober, glad, and
 sorry,
 Thou which hast banned thy thoughts,
 and cursed thy birth,
 With thousand plagues more than in pur-
 gatory
 Thou, thus whose spirit Love in
 refines,
 Come thou and read, admire
 my lines

Sonnet 56



When like an eaglet I first found my love,
For that the virtue I thereof would know,
Upon the nest I set it forth, to prove
If it were of that kingly kind or no
But it no sooner saw my sun appear,
But on her rays with open eyes it stood,
To show that I had hatched it for the air,
And rightly came from that brave-mount-
ing brood
And, when the plumes were summed with
sweet desire
To prove the pinions, it ascends the skies,
Do what I could, it need'sly would aspire
To my soul's sun, those two celestial eyes
Thus from my breast, where it was bred
alone,
It after thee is like an eaglet flown

Sonnet 59



As Love and I late harboured in one inn,
 With proverbs thus each other entertain
 In love there is no lack, thus I begin,
 Fair words make fools, replieth he again
 Who spares to speak doth spare to speed,
 quoth I,

As well, saith he, too forward as too slow
 Fortune assists the boldest, I reply,
 A hasty man, quoth he, ne'er wanted woe
 Labour is light where love, quoth I, doth
 pay,

Saith he, Light burden's heavy, if far
 borne

Quoth I, the main lost, cast the bye away
 You have spun a fair thread, he replies in
 scorn

And having thus awhile each other
 thwarted,

Fools as we met, so fools again we
 parted.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold,

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs,
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love

The shepherd-swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning,
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

A Fragment



I walked along a stream, for pureness
rare,

Brighter than sunshine, for it did ac-
quaint

The dullest sight with all the glorious
prev

That in the pebble-paved channel lay

No molten crystal, but a richer mine,

Even Nature's rarest alchemy run there,
Diamonds resolved, and substance more
divine,

Through whose bright gliding current
might appear

A thousand naked nymphs whose ivory
shine,

Enamelling the banks, made them more
dear

Than ever was that glorious Palace gate
Where the day-shining Sun in triumph
sate.

Upon this brim the eglantine and rose,

The tamarisk, olive, and the almond tree,

Full Fathom Five

FROM 'THE TRINITY'

Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made,
Those are pearls that were his eyes
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell
Ding-dong
Hark! now I hear them Ding-dong,
bell

Where the Bee Sucks



FROM 'THE TEMPEST'

Where the bee sucks there suck I
In a cowslip's bell I lie,
There I couch when owls do cry
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer merrily
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the
bough

Who is Sylvia?

FROM THE TWO
GENTLEMEN OF
VERONA

Who is Sylvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair and wise is she,
The heaven, such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness,
And, being helped, inhabits there

Then to Sylvia let us sing,
That Sylvia is excelling
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling
To her let us garlands bring

Take, O, Take
those Lips Away



FROM MEASURE
FOR MEASURE^d

Take, O, take those lips, away,
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn,
But my kisses bring again, bring again,
Seals of love, but sealed in vain, sealed in
vain

Sigh no More, Ladies



FROM 'MUCH ADO
ABOUT NOTHING'

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,
Of dumps so dull and heavy,
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into Hey nonny, nonny

On a Day

FROM "LOVE'S
LABOUR'S LOST"

♪ On a day—alack the day!—
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fur
Playing in the wanton air
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, can passage find,
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish himself the heaven's breath
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alack, my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet!
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee,
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiop were,
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love

When Daisies
Pied and
Violets Blue

FROM LOVE'S
LABOUR'S LOST

Spring

When daisies pied and violets blue
And lady-smocks all silver-white
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo,
Cuckoo, cuckoo O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,

WHEN DAISIES PIED

The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo,
Cuckoo, cuckoo O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

Winter

When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail
And Tom bears logs into the hall
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit,
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot

When all aloud the wind doth blow
And coughing drowns the parson's snore
And birds sit brooding in the snow
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit,
Tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot

Over Hill, over Dale



FROM "A MIDSUMMER
NIGHT'S DREAM"

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere,
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green
The cowslips tall her pensioners be
In their gold coats spots you see,
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours
I must go seek some dewdrops here
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear
Farewell, thou lob of spirits, I'll be gone
Our queen and all her elves come here
anon

You Spotted Snakes



FROM "A MIDSUMMER
NIGHTS DREAM"

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen,
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen
Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh,
So, good-night, with lullaby

Weaving spiders, come not here,
Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near,
Worm nor snail, do no offence
Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh,
So, good-night, with lullaby

Tell me Where is Fancy Bred

FROM 'THE MERCHANT
OF VENICE'

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?

Reply, reply

It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed, and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies
Let us all ring fancy's knell
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell,
Ding, dong, bell

Under the Greenwood Tree



FROM 'AS YOU
LIKE IT'

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather

It Was a Lover and His Lass



FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT"

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring
time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding
Sweet lovers love the spring

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding
Sweet lovers love the spring

A LOVER AND HIS LASS

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For lo e is crowned with the prime
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding
Sweet lovers love the spring

O Mistress Mine



FROM "TWELFTH NIGHT"

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear, your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter,
Present mirth hath present laughter,
What's to come is still unsure
In delay there lies no plenty,
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure

Come Away,
Come Away,
Death



PROLOGUE TWELFTH NIGHT

Come away, come away, Death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid,
Fly away, fly away, breath,
I am slain by a cruel, fair maid
My shroud of white stuck all with yew,
O prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown,
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse where my bones shall be
thrown
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me O where
Sad true lover never find my grave
To weep there!

When that I
was and a Little
Tiny Boy



FROM "TWELFTH NIGHT"

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day,

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their
gate,
For the rain it raineth every day

But when I came, alas' to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day

WHEN THAT I WAS

- ♪ A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day

When Daffodils Begin to Peer



FROM "THE
WINTER'S TALE"

When daffodils begin to peer,
 With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year,
 For the red blood reigns in the winter's
 pale

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
 With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how
 they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge,
 For a quart of ale is a dish for a king

The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,
 With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and
 the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
 While we lie tumbling in the hay

4
Jog on, Jog on

FROM ²THE
WINTER'S TALE



Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

Lawn as White as Driven Snow

FROM "THE
WILTER'S TALE"

Lawn as white as driven snow,
Cyprus black as e'er was crow,
Gloves as sweet as damask roses,
Masks for faces and for noses,
Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber,
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel
Come buy of me, come, come buy, com
 buy,
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry
Come buy

Why, let the
Stricken Deer
go Weep



FROM "HAMLET"

Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play,
For some must watch, while some must
sleep
So runs the world away

Come, thou
Monarch of
the Vine



FROM "ANTONY
AND CLEOPATRA"

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!
In thy fats our cares be drowned,
With thy grapes our hairs be crowned
Cup us, till the world go round,
Cup us, till the world go round!

Hark, Hark! the Lark

.



FROM "CYMBELINE"



Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate
sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lie,
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise
Arise, arise.

The Phœnix and the Turtle



Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey,

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul precurrer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near!

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feathered king
Keep the obsequy so strict

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right

And thou treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender makest
With the breath thou givest and takest,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go

PHCENIX AND TURTLE

Here the anthem doth commence,
Love and constancy is dead,
Phoenix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence

So they loved, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one,
Two distincts, division one
Number there in love was slain

Hearts remote, yet not asunder,
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt the turtle and his queen
But in them it were a wonder

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phoenix' sight,
Either was the other's mine

Property was thus appalled,
That the self was not the same,
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was called

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together,
To themselves yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded,

PHŒNIX AND TURTLE

That it cried, How true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain

Whereupon it made this threne
To the phœnix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOS

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclosed in cinders lie

Death is now the phœnix nest
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity

Truth may seem, but cannot be
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she,
Truth and beauty buried be

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair,
For these dead birds sigh a prayer

Sonnet XXIX



When, in disgrace with fortune and men's
eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless
cries
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends
possessed,
Desiring this man's art and that man's
scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least,
Yet in these thoughts myself almost de-
spising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at
heaven's gate,
For thy sweet love remembered such
wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state
with kings

Sonnet XXX



When to the sessions of sweet silent
thought

I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's
waste

Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless
night,

And weep afresh love's long since cancelled
woe,

And moan the expense of many a vanished
sight

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before

But if the while I think on thee, dear
friend,

All losses are restored and sorrows end

Sonnet LVII



Being your slave, what should I do but
tend

Uppn the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end
hour

Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock
for you,

Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once
adieu,

Nor dare I question with my jealous
thought

Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of
nought

Save, where you are how happy you make
those

So true a fool is love that in your will,
Though you do anything, he thinks no
ill

Sonnet LX



Like as the waves make towards the
pebbled shore,

So do our minutes hasten to their end,
Each changing place with that which goes
before,

In sequent toil all forwards do contend
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being
crowned,

Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift
confound

Time doth transfix the flourish set on
youth

And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to
mow

And yet to times in hope my verse shall
stand,

Praising thy worth, despite his cruel
hand

Sonnet LXXIV



When I have seen by Time's fell hand
defaced

The rich proud cost of outworn buried
age,

When sometime lofty towers I see down-
razed

And brass eternal slave to mortal rage,
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery man,
Increasing store with loss and loss with
store,

When I have seen such interchange of
state,

Or state itself confounded to decay,
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminare,
That Time will come and take my love
away

This thought is as a death, which can-
not choose

But weep to have that which it fears to
lose

Sonnet LXV



Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor
boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a
plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold
out
Against the wreckful siege of battering
days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time
decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest
lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift
foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O, none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still
shine bright

Sonnet LXVI



Tired with all these, for restful death I
cry,

As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimmed in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly doctor-like controlling skill,
And simple truth miscalled simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill

Tired with all these, from these would
I be gone,

Save that, to die, I leave my love alone

Sonnet XCIV



They that have power to hurt and will do
none,

That do not do the thing they most do
show,

Who, moving others, are themselves as
stone,

Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow,
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces
And husband nature's riches from expense,
They are the lords and owners of their
faces,

Others but stewards of their excellence
The summer's flower is to the summer
sweet,

Though to itself it only live and die,
But if that flower with base infection
meet,

The basest weed outbraves his dignity
For sweetest things turn sourest by their
deeds,

Lilies that fester smell far worse than
weeds

Sonnet XCVII



How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting
year!

What freezings have I felt, what dark days
seen!

What old December's bareness every-
where!

And yet this time removed was summer's
time,

The teeming autumn, big with rich in-
crease,

Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,
Like widowed wombs after their lords' de-
cease

Yet this abundant issue seemed to me
But hope of orphans and unfathered fruit,
For summer and his pleasures wait on
thee,

And, thou away, the very birds are mute,
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a
cheer

That leaves look pale, dreading the
winter's near

Sonnet CIV



To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I
 eyed,

Such seems your beauty still Three
 winters cold

Have from the forests shook three
 summers' pride,

Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn
 turned

In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes
 burned,

Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are
 green

Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure and no pace per-
 ceived,

So your sweet hue, which methinks still
 doth stand,

Hath motion and mine eye may be de-
 ceived

For fear of which, hear this, thou age
 unbred,

Ere you were born was beauty's summer
 dead

Sonnet CVI



When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have expressed

Even such a beauty as you master now
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring,
And, for they looked but with divining
eyes,

They had not skill enough your worth to
sing

For we, which now behold these present
days,

Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues
to praise

Sonnet CX



Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap
 what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new,
Most true it is that I have looked on truth
Askance and strangely but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another
 youth,
And worse essays proved thee my best of
 love
Now all is done, have what shall have
 no end
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confined
 Then give me welcome, next my heaven
 the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving
 breast

Sonnet CXI



O, for my sake do you with Fortune
chide,

The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners
breeds

Thence comes it that my name receives a
brand,

And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand
Pity me then and wish I were renewed,
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection,

No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction

Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure
ye

Even that your pity is enough to cure
me

Sonnet CXVI



Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken,
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his
height be taken
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips
and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come,
Love alters not with his brief hours and
weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved

Sonnet CXXIX



The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action, and till action, lust
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of
blame,

Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,
Enjoyed no sooner but despised straight,
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had
Past reason hated, as a swallowed bait
On purpose laid to make the taker mad,
Mad in pursuit and in possession so,
Had, having, and in quest to have, ex-
treme,

A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe,
Before, a joy proposed, behind, a dream
All this the world well knows, yet none
knows well

To shun the heaven that leads men to
this hell

Sonnet CXLIII



Lo! as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feathered creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe and makes all swift
dispatch

In pursuit of the thing she would have
stay,

Whilst her neglected child holds her
chast,

Cries to catch her whose busy care is

To follow that which flies before her face

Not prizing her poor infant's discontent

So runn'st thou after that which flies from
thee,

Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind,

But if thou catch thy hope turn back to
me,

And play the mother's part, kiss me, be
kind

So will I pray that thou mayst have thy

"Will",

It thou turn back, and my loud crying
still

Sonnet CXLVI



Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Foiled by these rebel powers that thee
array,

Why dost thou pine within and suffer
dearth,

Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?

Why so large cost, having so short a
lease,

Dost thou upon thy fading mansion
spend?

Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,

Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?

Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's
loss,

And let that pine to aggravate thy store,

Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross,

Within be fed, without be rich no more

So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds
on men,

And Death once dead, there's no more
dying then

Thomas Campion

Follow your
Saint, follow
with Accents
Sweet!



Follow your saint, follow with accents
sweet!

Haste you, sad notes, fall at her flying
feet!

There, wrapped in cloud of sorrow, pity
move,

And tell the ravisher of my soul I perish
for her love

But if she scorns my never-ceasing pain,
Then burst with sighing in her sight and
ne'er return again!

All that I sang still to her praise did
tend,

Still she was first, still she my songs did
end

HARK, ALL YOU LADIES

Holds a watch with sweet love,
Down the dale, up the hill,
No plaints nor groans may move
Their holy vigil

All you that will hold watch with love,
The fairy-queen Proserpina
Will make you fairer than Dione's dove,
Roses red, lilies white,
And the clear damask hue,
Shall on your cheeks alight
Love will adorn you

All you that love or loved before,
The fairy-queen Proserpina
Bids you increase that loving humour
more
They that have not fed
On delight amorous,
She vows that they shall lead
Apes in Avernus

When Thou
must Home
to Shades of
Underground



When thou must home to shades of under-
ground,
And there arrived, a new admired guest,
The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,
White Iope, blithe Helen, and the rest,
To hear the stories of thy finished love
From that smooth tongue whose music
 hell can move,
Then wilt thou speak of banqueting de-
lights,
Of masques and revels which sweet youth
 did make,
Of tourneys and great challenges of
 knights,
And all those triumphs for thy beauty's
 sake
When thou hast told these honours done
 to thee,
Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murder
 me

IVHERE ARE THY BEAUTIES

When thy story, long time hence, shall
 be perused,
Let the blemish of thy rule be thus ex-
 cused, •
“None ever lived more just, none more
 abused”

What then
is Love but
Mourning?



What then is love but mourning?
What desire, but a self-burning?
Till she, that hates, doth love return,
Thus will I mourn, thus will I sing,
"Come away! come away, my darling!"

Beauty is but a blooming,
Youth in his glory entombing,
Time hath a while, which none can stay
Then come away, while thus I sing,
"Come away! come away, my darling!"

Summer in winter fadeth,
Gloomy night heavenly light shadeth
Like to the morn, are Venus flowers,
Such are her hours then will I sing,
"Come away! come away, my darling!"

Turn all thy
Thoughts
to Eyes



Turn all thy thoughts to eyes,
Turn all thy hairs to ears,
Change all thy friends to spies,
And all thy joys to fears
True love will yet be free,
In spite of jealousy

Turn darkness into day,
Conjectures into truth,
Believe what the envious say,
Let age interpret youth
True love will yet be free,
In spite of jealousy

Wrest every word and look,
Rack every hidden thought,
Or fish with golden hook,
True love cannot be caught
For that will still be free,
In spite of jealousy !

Love Me or
not, Love Her
I Must or Die



Love me or not, love her I must or die,
Leave me or not, follow her, needs must I
O that her grace would my wished con-
forts give!

How rich in her, how happy should I live!

All my desire, all my delight should be,
Her to enjoy, her to unite to me
Envy should cease, her would I love
alone

Who loves by looks is seldom true to one

Could I enchant, and that it lawful were,
Her would I charm softly that none
should hear

But love enforced rarely yields firm con-
tent,

So would I love that neither should repent

Awake, thou
Spring of
Speaking Grace!



Awake, thou spring of speaking grace!
 mute rest becomes not thee!
The fairest women, while they sleep, and
 pictures, equal be
 O come and dwell in love's dis-
 courses!
 Old renewing, new creating
The words which thy rich tongue
 discourses,
 Are not of the common rating!

Thy voice is as an Echo clear which
 Music doth beget,
Thy speech is as an Oracle which none
 can counterfeit
For thou alone, without offending,
 Hast obtained power of enchant-
 ing,
And I could hear thee without
 ending,
Other comfort never wanting

AWAKE, THOU SPRING

Some little reason brutish lives with
human glory share,
But language is our proper grace, from
which they severed are
As brutes in reason man surpasses,
Men in speech excel each other
If speech be then the best of graces,
Do it not in slumber smother'

There is None,
O None but You



There is none, O none but you,
That from me estrange your sight,
Whom mine eyes affect to view
Or chained ears hear with delight.

Other beauties others move,
In you I all graces find,
Such is the effect of love,
To make them happy that are kind.

Women in frail beauty trust,
Only seem you fair to me,
Yet prove truly kind and just,
For that may not dissembled be

Sweet, afford me then your sight,
That, surveying all your looks,
Endless volumes I may write
And fill the world with envied books

Which when after-ages view,
All shall wonder and despair,
Woman to find man so true,
Or man a woman half so fair

Follow thy
Fair Sun,
Unhappy
Shadow!



Follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow!
Though thou be black as night,
And she made all of light
Yet follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow!

Follow her whose light thy light depriveth,
Though here thou livest disgraced,
And she in heaven is placed
Yet follow her whose light the world
reviveth!

Follow those pure beams whose beauty
burneth,
That so have scorched thee,
As thou still black must be,
Till her kind beams thy black to bright-
ness turneth

Follow her! while yet her glory shineth
There comes a luckless night,
That will dim all her light,
And thus the black unhappy shade divineth

There is none, O none
That from me estrange
Whom mine eyes affect
Or chained ears hear w

Other beauties others move
In you I all graces find
Such is the effect of love,
To make them happy th

Women in frail beauty true
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That, surveying all your
Endless volumes I may writ
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Which when after-ages view,
All shall wonder and despe
Woman to find man so true,
Or man a woman half so

Though your
Strangeness
Frets my Heart



Though your strangeness frets my heart,
Yet may not I complain
You persuade me, 'tis but art,
That secret love must feign
If another you affect,
'Tis but a show, to avoid suspect
Is this fair excusing? O, no! all is abusing!

Your wished sight if I desire,
Suspicious you pretend
Causeless you yourself retire,
While I in vain attend
This a lover whets, you say,
Still made more eager by delay
Is this fair excusing? O, no! all is abusing!

When another holds your hand,
You swear I hold your heart
When my rivals close do stand,
And I sit far apart,
I am nearer yet than they,
Hid in your bosom, as you say
Is this fair excusing? O, no! all is abusing!

Kind are
her Answers



Kind are her answers,
But her performance keeps no day,
Breaks time, as dancers
From their own music when they stray
All her free favours
And smooth words wing my hopes in vain
O did ever voice so sweet but only feign?
Can true love yield such delay,
Converting joy to pain?

Lost is our freedom,
When we submit to women so
Why do we need them
When, in their best they work our woe?
There is no wisdom
Can alter ends, by Fate prefixt
O why is the good of man with evil mixt?
Never were days yet called two,
But one night went betwixt

"Maids are
Simple," some
men Say



"Maids are simple," some men say,
"They, forsooth, will trust no men"
But should they men's wills obey,
Maids are very simple then

Truth, a rare flower now is grown,
Few men wear it in their hearts,
Lovers are more easily known
By their follies than deserts

Sater may we credit give
To a faithless wandering Jew
Than a young man's vows believe
When he swears his love is true

Love they make a poor blind child,
But let none trust such as he
Rather than to be beguiled,
Ever let me simple be

Rose-cheeked
Laura, Come



Rose-cheeked Laura, come,
Sing thou smoothly with thy beauty's
Silent music, either other

Sweetly gracing,

Lovely forms do flow
From concent divinely framed,
Heaven is music, and thy beauty's
Birth is heavenly

These dull notes we sing
Discords need for helps to grace them,
Only beauty purely loving
Knows no discord,

But still moves delight,
Like clear springs renewed by flowing,
Ever perfect, ever in them-
selves eternal

Thrice toss
these Oaken
Ashes in
the Air



Thrice toss these oaken ashes in the air,
Thrice sit thou mute in this enchanted
 chair,
And thrice three times, tie up this true
 love's knot!
And murmur soft "She will, or she will
 not"

Go burn these poisonous weeds in yon blue
 fire,
These screech-owl's feathers and this prick-
 ling briar,
This cypress gathered at a dead man's
 grave,
That all thy fears and cures an end may
 have

* Then come, you Furies, dance with me
 a round!
Melt her hard heart with your melodious
 sound!
In vain are all the charms I can devise
She hath an art to break them with her eyes

Shall I Come,
Sweet Love,
to Thee



Shall I come, sweet love, to thee,
When the evening beams are set?
Shall I not excluded be?

Will you find no feigned let?
Let me not, for pity, more,
Tell the long hours at your door!

Who can tell what thief or foe,
In the covert of the night,
For his prey will work my woe,
Or through wicked foul despite?
So may I die unredrest,
Ere my long love be possest

But to let such dangers pass,
Which a lover's thoughts disdain,
'Tis enough in such a place
To attend love's joys in vain
Do not mock me in thy bed
While these cold nights freeze me dead

Thus I Resolve,
and Time hath
Taught me So



Thus I resolve, and time hath taught me
so,

Since she is fair and ever kind to me,
Though she be wild and wanton-like in
show,

Those little stains in youth I will not see,
That she be constant, heaven I oft implore
If prayers prevail not, I can do no more

Palm-tree the more you press, the more it
grows,

Leave it alone it will not much exceed
Free beauty if you strive to yoke, you lose
And for affliction, strange distaste you
breed

What Nature hath not taught, no Art can
frame

Wild born be wild still, though by force
you tame

Never
Love unless
you Can



Never love unless you can
Bear with all the faults of man
Men sometimes will jealous be,
Though but little cause they see,
And hang the head, as discontent,
And speak what straight they will repent

Men that but one saint adore,
Make a show of love to more
Beauty must be scorned in none,
Though but truly served in one
For what is courtship, but disguise?
True hearts may have dissembling eyes

Men, when their affairs require,
Must a while themselves retire,
Sometimes hunt, and sometimes hawk,
And not ever sit and talk
If these and such like you can bear,
Then like, and love, and never fear!

So Quick, so
Hot, so Mad is
thy Fond Suit



•
So quick, so hot, so mad is thy fond suit,
So rude, so tedious grown, in urging
me,
That fain I would, with loss, make thy
tongue mute,
And yield some little grace to quiet
thee
An hour with thee I care not to converse,
For I would not be counted too perverse

But roofs too hot would prove for me all
fire,
And hills too high for my unused pace,
The grove is charged with thorns and the
bold briar,
Gray snakes the meadows shroud in every
place
A yellow frog, alas, will fright me so,
As I should start and tremble as I go

SO QUICK, SO HOT

Since then I can on earth no fit room find,
In heaven I am resolved with you to
meet

Till then, for hope's sweet sake, rest your
tired mind

And not so much as see me in the street
A heavenly meeting one day we shall have,
But never, as you dream, in bed, or grave

Silly Boy,
't is Full
Moon Yet



Silly boy, 't is full moon yet, thy night as
day shines clearly,
Had thy youth but wit to fear, thou couldst
not love so dearly
Shortly wilt thou mourn when all thy pleasures
are bereaved,
Little knows he how to love that never
was deceived

This is thy first maiden flame, that triumphs
yet unstained,
All is artless now you speak, not one word,
yet, is feigned,
All is heaven that you behold, and all your
thoughts are blessed,
But no spring can want his full, each
Troilus hath his Cressid

Thy well-ordered locks ere long shall rudely
hang neglected,
And thy lively pleasant cheer read grief
on earth dejected

SILLY' BOY

Much then wilt thou blame thy Saint, that
made thy heart so holy,
And with sighs' confess, in love that too
much faith is folly

Yet be just and constant still! Love may
beget a wonder,
Not unlike a summer's frost, or winter's
fatal thunder
He that holds his sweetheart true, unto
his day of dying,
Lives, of all that over breathed, most
worthy the envying

If thou
Long'st so
much to Learn



If thou long'st so much to learn, sweet
boy, what 'tis to love,
Do but fix thy thought on me and thou
shalt quickly prove
Little suit, at first, shall win
Way to thy abashed desire,
But then will I hedge thee in
Salimander-like with fire!

With thee dance I will, and sing, and thy
fond dalliance bear,
We the grovy hills will climb, and play the
wantons there,
Other whiles we'll gather flowers,
Lying dallying on the grass,
And thus our delightful hours
Full of waking dreams shall pass

When thy joys were thus at height, my
love should turn from thee,

Why Presumes
thy Pride
on That



Why presumes thy pride on that that must
so private be,
Scarce that it can good be called, though
it seems best to thee,
Best of all that Nature framed or curious
eye can see?

'Tis thy beauty, foolish Maid, that like a
blossom grows,
Which who views no more enjoys than on
a bush a rose,
That, by many's handling, fades and thou
art one of those

If to one thou shalt prove true, and all
beside reject,
Then art thou but one man's good, which
yields a poor effect
For the commonest good by far deserves
the best respect

WHY PRESUMES THY PRIDE

But if for this goodness thou thyself wilt
common make,

Thou art then not good at all so thou
canst no way take

But to prove the meanest good or else all
good forsake

Be not then of beauty proud, but so her
colours bear

That they prove not stains to her, that
them for grace should wear

So shalt thou to all more fur than thou
wert born appear

The Man of Life Upright



The man of life upright,
Whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds,
Or thought of vanity,

The man whose silent days
In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude
Nor sorrow discontent,

That man needs neither towers
Nor armour for defence,
Nor secret vaults to fly
From thunder's violence

He only can behold
With unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep
And terrors of the skies

Thus, scorning all the cares
That fate or fortune brings,
He makes the heaven his book,
His wisdom heavenly things,

THE WAY OF LIFE UPRIGHT

Good thoughts his only friends,
His wealth & well-spent age,
The earth his sober inn
And quiet pilgrimage

Awake, Awake,
thou Heavy
Sprite



Awake, awake, thou heavy sprite,
That sleep'st the deadly sleep of sin!
Rise now and walk the ways of light!
'Tis not too late yet to begin
Seek heaven early, seek it late
True Faith still finds an open gate

Get up, get up, thou leaden man!
Thy track to endless joy or pain
Yields but the model of a span,
Yet burns out thy life's lamp in vain!
One minute bounds thy bane or bliss!
Then watch and labour, while time is

Come, Cheerful
Day, Part of
my Life to Me



Confe, cheertul day, part of my life to me
For while thou view'st me with thy fading
light,
Part of my life doth still depart with thee,
And I still onward haste to my last night
Time's fatal wings do ever forward fly
So every day we live a day we die

But, O ye nights, ord uned for barren rest,
How are my days deprived of life in you,
When heavy sleep my soul hath dispossessed,
By feigned death life sweetly to renew!
Part of my life in that, you life deny
So every day we live a day we die

How Easily Wert Thou Chained



How easily wert thou chained,
Fond heart, by favours feigned!
Why lived thy hopes in grace,
Straight to die disdained?
But since thou art now beguiled
By love that falsely smiled,
In some less happy place
Mourn alone exiled!
My love still here increaseth,
And with my love my grief,
While her sweet bounty ceaseth,
That gave my woes relief
Yet 'tis no woman leaves me,
For such may prove unjust,
A goddess thus deceives me,
Whose faith who could mistrust?

A goddess so much graced,
That Paradise is placed
In her most heavenly breast,
Once by love embraced

HOW EASILY CHAINED

But love, that so kind proved,
Is now from her removed,
Nor will he longer rest
Where no faith is loved
If powers celestial wound us
And will not yield relief,
Woe then must needs confound us,
For none can cure our grief
No wonder if I languish
Through burden of my smart
It is no common anguish
From Paradise to part

JACK AND JOAN

Jack knows what brings gain or loss,
And his long flail can stoutly toss
Makes the hedge, which others break
And ever thinks what he doth speak

Now, you courtly dames and knights,
That study only strange delights,
Though you scorn the home-spun gown
And revel in your rich array
Though your tongues dissemble deep,
And can your heads from danger keep
Yet, for all your pomp and train,
Securer lives the silly swain

The Peaceful Western Wind



The peaceful western wind
The winter storms hath tamed,
And Nature in each kind
The kind heat hath inflamed
The forward buds so sweetly breathe
Out of their earthly bowers,
That heaven, which views their pomp
beneath,
Would fain be decked with flowers

See how the morning smiles
On her bright eastern hill,
And with soft steps beguiles
Them that lie slumbering still!
The music-loving birds are come
From cliffs and rocks unknown,
To see the trees and briars bloom
That late were overflown

What Saturn did destroy,
Love's Queen revives again
And now her naked boy
Doth in the fields remain,

Think'st thou to
Seduce me then
with Words
that have
no Meaning?



Think'st thou to seduce me then with^o
words that have no meaning?
Parrots so can learn to prate, our speech
by pieces gleaning
Nurses teach their children so about the
time of weaning

Learn to speak first, then to woo to
wooing, much pertaineth
He that courts us wanting art, soon falters
when he feigneth,
Looks asquint on his discourse, and smiles,
when he complaineth

Skilful anglers hide their hooks, fit baits^c
for every season,
But with crooked pins fish thou, as babes
do, that want reason
Gudgeons only can be caught with such
poor tricks of treason

THINK'ST THOU THEN

Ruth forgive me, if I erred from human
 ' heart's compassion,
When I laughed sometimes too much to
 see thy foolish fashion
But, alas, who less could do that sound
 so good occasion'

Her Fair
Inflaming
Eyes



Her fair inflaming eyes,
Chief authors of my cares,
I prayed in humblest wise
With grace to view my tears
They beheld me broad awake,
But, alas, no ruth would take

Her lips with kisses rich,
And words of fair delight,
I fairly did beseech,
To pity my sad plight
But a voice from them brake forth,
As a whirlwind from the north

Then to her hands I fled,
That can give heart and all,
To them I long did plead,
And loud for pity call
But, alas, they put me off,
With a touch worse than a scoff

HER FAIR INFLAMING EYES

So back I straight returned,
And at her breast I knocked,
Where long in vain I mourned,
Her heart so fast was locked
Not a word could passage find,
For a rock enclosed her mind

Then down my prayers made way
To those most comely parts,
That make her fly or stay,
As they affect deserts
But her angry feet, thus moved,
Fled with all the parts I loved

Yet fled they not so fast,
As her enraged mind
Still did I after haste,
Still was I left behind,
Till I found 'twas to no end
With a Spirit to contend

My Sweetest
Lesbia, let us
Live and Love



My sweetest Lesbia, let us live and love,
And though the sages sort our deeds re-
prove,

Let us not weigh them heaven's great
lamps do dive

Into their west, and straight again re-
vive

But soon as once set is our little light,
Then must we sleep one ever-during
night

If all would lead their lives in love like
me,

Then bloody swords and armour should
not be,

No drum nor trumpet peaceful sleeps
should move,

Unless alarm came from the camp of
love

But fools do live, and waste their little
light,

And seek with pain their ever-during
night

MY SWEETEST LESBIA

When timely death my life and fortune
ends,
Let not my hearse be vexed with mourn-
ing friends,
But let all lovers, rich in triumph, come
And with sweet pastimes grace my happy
tomb
And, Lesbia, close up thou my little light,
And crown with love my ever-during night

Now Winter Nights Enlarge



Now winter nights enlarge
The number of their hours,
And clouds their storms discharge
Upon the airy towers
Let now the chimneys blaze
And cups o'erflow with wine,
Let well-tuned words amaze
With harmony divine!
Now yellow waxen lights
Shall wait on honey love
While youthful revels, masques, and
 courtly sights,
Sleep's leaden spells remove

This time doth well dispense
With lovers' long discourse,
Much speech hath some defence,
Though beauty no remorse
All do not all things well,
Some measures comely tread,
Some knotted riddles tell,
Some poems smoothly read
The summer hath his joys,
And winter his delights,
Though love and all his pleasures are but
 toys,
They shorten tedious nights

Thomas Nashe

Spring



Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's
pleasant king,

Then blooms each thing, then maids dance
in a ring,

Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses
gay,

Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe
all day,

And we hear the birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss
our feet,

Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do
greet,

Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!
Spring, the sweet Spring!

A Lament
in Time of
Plague



Adieu! farewell earth's bliss,
This world uncertain is
Fond are life's lustful joys, c
Death proves them all but toys
None from his darts can fly
I am sick, I must die
 Lord have mercy on us!

Rich men, trust not in wealth,
Gold cannot buy you health,
Physic himself must fade,
All things to end are made,
The plague full swift goes by,
I am sick, I must die
 Lord have mercy on us!

Beauty is but a flower,
Which wrinkles will devour
Brightness falls from the air,
Queens have died young and fair,
Dust hath closed Helen's eye
I am sick, I must die
 Lord have mercy on us!

LAMENT IN TIME OF PLAGUE

Strength stoops unto the grave,
Worms feed on Hector brave
Swords may not fight with fate
Earth still holds open her gate
Come, come, the bells do cry
I am sick, I must die

Lord have mercy on us!

Wit with his wantonness
Tasteth death's bitterness
Hell's executioner
Hath no ears for to hear
What vain art can reply,
I am sick, I must die

Lord have mercy on us!

Haste therefore each degree
To welcome destiny
Heaven is our heritage,
Earth but a player's stage
Mount we unto the sky,
I am sick, I must die

Lord have mercy on us!

Sir Henry Wotton

A Woman's Heart



O faithless world, and thy most faithless
part,
A woman's heart!
The true shop of variety, where sits
Nothing but fits
And fevers of desire, and pangs of love,
Which toys remove
Why was she born to please? or I to trust
Words writ in dust,
Suffering her eyes to govern my despair,
My pain for air,
And fruit of time rewarded with untruth,
The food of youth?
Untrue she was, yet I believed her eyes,
Instructed spies,
Till I was taught that love was but a
school
To breed a fool

A Description of the Spring



And now all nature seemed in love,
The lusty sap began to move,
New juice did stir the embracing vines,
And birds had drawn their valentines,
The jealous trout that now did lie,
Rose at a well-dissembled fly
There stood my friend with patient skill,
Attending of his trembling quill
Already were the craves possessed
With the swift pilgrim's daubed nest
The groves already did rejoice
In Philomel's triumphing voice
The showers were short, the weather mild,
The morning fresh, the evening smiled
Joan takes her neat-rubbed pail and now
She trips to milk the sand-red cow,
Where, for some sturdy football swain,
Joan strokes a sillabub or twain
The fields and gardens were beset
With tulip, crocus, violet,
And now, though late, the modest rose
Did more than half a blush disclose
Thus all looked gay, all full of cheer,
To welcome the new-liveried year

NOTES

In making this anthology of sixteenth century poetry I have proceeded, first, as if no other anthology had ever been made, and I have read through the entire poetical literature of the period, so far as it was accessible to me, and so far as it came within the scope of a selection of separate poems, with the single exception that I have relied on Mr Bullen's wide knowledge and exquisite judgment in the case of the Elizabethan song books, and have made my own choice from his final edition of his *Lyrics from the Song Books of the Elizabethan Age*. Campion I have read independently, but also in his edition and it is by his kind permission that I have printed from these and other texts of his. After I had finished this course of reading, I consulted the anthologies of English verse which I knew *The Golden Treasury*, Mr Beeching's *Paradise of English Poetry*, Mr Quiller Couch's *Golden Pomp*, Mr Arber's *British Anthologies* and *English Garner*, Mr Linton's *Rare Poems*. The only two poems that I can remember to have come upon for the first time in any of these anthologies are the lines of Howell, which I found in *The Golden Pomp*, and the full text of Verstegen's "Our Blessed Lady's Lullaby" which I found in Mr Arber's *Shakespeare Anthology*. I have done my best to give an accurate text of all the poems which I have reprinted always following the best edition known to me, and in as many cases as possible collating such texts with the original editions. I have thus been able to correct a considerable number of erroneous readings, which we find repeated in edition after edition. For one correction I am indebted to Mr Bullen, the reading of "ripe" for "rich" in the

NOTES

beautiful poem printed on the first page of his *Lyrics* (see p. 67 above) I have tried to punctuate the poems as rationally as I could absolute consistency in this, or in stanzaic arrangement, I have not found possible and I have modernized the spelling throughout, but without altering any old word which would be changed in sound or significance by a change of spelling Thus in Spenser I have left 'chapelet' and not written 'chaplet' in its place, because the rhythm would suffer and I have left words like "prease" when they come at the end of a line, and rhyme with some word with which "press" would not rhyme.

The limits of my selection have been fixed for me by the anthology of seventeenth-century poetry which¹ has already appeared in this series that selection includes no one born before 1570 mine, in consequence, no one born after 1570 Every poem that I have given I have given in its entirety I think it is only in one instance, that of Sir Philip Sidney's "Bargain", that I have allowed myself to give a poem in the first, and not the final, form in which it appeared I have made no attempt to be representative in my choice of poems, but only to choose, so far as I could, the best Thus if names such as Surrey, Sir Edward Dyer, Sir John Davies, are not found in these pages, it is because I have not found any single poem in any one of them which seems to me worthy of a place among the best poetry of the period.

ONCE DID MY THOUGHTS BOTH EBB AND FLOW

p 33 *made out of wax*, i.e. perfectly fitting

YEA OR NAY

p 69 *then leave your hands*, leave your tackings to and fro.

EPITHALAMION

p 72 *let it torch*

p 75. *the coming of your joyous make*, make = mate

p 76. *the tremb'ing croud* croud = fiddle.

NOTES

PERIGOT AND WILLY'S ROUNDELAY

- *p* 93 *gray is greet*, greet=to weep.
- p* 94 *is they were wood*, wood=mad.
- p* 95 *grile*=pierced.
- p* 96. *prief*=proof

OUR BLESSED LADY'S LULLABY

- p* 111 *my livēs joy*, livēs=life s.

OF MISERY

- p* 119. *Corpse*=body

• THE SHEPHERD'S DESCRIPTION OF LOVE

- p* 124. *sain*=sny

THE PILGRIMAGE

- p* 133 *suckets*=sugar plums.

SONNETS FROM ASTROPHIEL AND STELLA—XXXIX

- p* 151 *prease*=press.

LOVE'S LAWS

- p* 182 *foster*=forester

SPRING—"WHAT BIRD SO SINGS"

- p* 183. *prick song*, harmony pricked or written down.

THE THIRD PASTOR'S SONG

- *p* 189. *baulk*=bank.

SEPIESTIA'S CRADLE SONG

- p* 212. *bliss*=bless

THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S SONG

- p* 221 *sith*=time.

NOTES

THE BALLAD OF DOWSABEL

- p* 273. *cleped*=called
she was yconned the leir=she knew the learning
p 274 *setywall*=valerian.
p 275. *loke*=lock, fleece of wool
bauzon=badger
cordiwin=Spanish leather
lingel=thread.
Coutree=Coventry
p 277 *blist*=blest.

THE FAYS MARRIAGE

- p* 281 *threaves*=wheat sheaves
p 288 *respas*=raspberry

NYMPHIDIA

- p* 292. *kays*=country dances.
p 293. *aulfe*=oaf
p 301 *lin*=stop

